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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Government Bill for the Redistribution of Seats was read a second time on Monday evening without a division, and after nothing that can fairly be called a debate. The Conservatives reserved their opposition until a further and, for their purposes, a more convenient stage of the measure. Although they are evidently as much opposed as they have ever been to any measure of Parliamentary Reform, however moderate it may be, they shrink from saying so openly and directly. They will not, if they can help it, take the responsibility of rejecting any part of the Government scheme by an unequivocal vote. They prefer to lie in ambush, and take their chance of destroying it in the chance medley of the Committee. They are not prepared to make any determined stand as an independent party; but, conscious of their own weakness, they rely mainly on the support which they may derive through skilfully concocted amendments from disaffected and disloyal seceders from the Liberal ranks. That is the real purport of the cautious and adroit tactics which they are pursuing under the skilful leadership of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley. Their plan of campaign is indisputably clever, and it can only be foiled by a resolute determination on the part of the Liberals to sink all minor differences, to abstain from anything like detailed criticism of the measures before them, and to look only to their general results as a fair and moderate settlement of the pending question. The Government Bill is far from faultless. No doubt Mr. Disraeli in his able speech on Monday evening pointed out many weak points which are open to attack. But if it be possible to introduce, we do not believe that it is possible to carry a measure which shall make any nearer approach to perfection. In the distribution of seats we have proceeded from the earliest times on a rough and ready system for which no defence can be offered, but that it met the wants of the day. It is clear that we must still pursue the same course; and if we are to have any reform at all, we must treat with a great amount of indifference, anomalies and blots, such as those which the right hon. gentleman pointed out in the measure now before the House. The great object of the Conservatives at the present moment is evidently to purge the county constituencies of any town element. Within certain moderate limits this process is, no doubt, reasonable and fair. But if it were to be carried too far it would leave the counties at the mercy of the territorial magnates, and would deprive their constituencies of those elements of freedom and veracity which they have hitherto possessed. Against any attempt to attain such a result as this it would be necessary for the Liberals to be carefully on their guard, since it is plain that by dealing adroitly with borough boundaries, and

by adopting a well-devised scheme of grouping, it would be quite possible for the Conservatives to gain more than they would lose by the extension of the franchise. The prospects of the Reform Bill are, we think, better than they have been at any previous time during the Session. The Government, by consenting to amalgamate the two bills in committee, have removed any cause of coolness between themselves and a section of their habitual supporters; and although we cannot hope that Mr. Lowe will abandon his objections to every kind or degree of reform, there is reason to believe that many of the thirty-three who followed him in the late division will now return to their party allegiance.

Lord Redesdale has redeemed his pledge to lay before the House of Lords some plan for checking the reckless manufacture of railway schemes by contractors and finance companies. He proposes that, instead of the present system of an illusory deposit at the time of application for a Railway Act, the former practice of a subscription contract should be reverted to, combined with a real deposit, with this modification, that the subscription should be for two-thirds instead of, as formerly, three-fourths of the capital. That is the provision on which he mainly relies; but he also suggests some other alterations in the Standing Orders, and especially that all intended sales, leases, or amalgamations of lines with other railways should be published with the ordinary Parliamentary Notices in the *Gazette* of the November in each year. While we fully concur in the object his Lordship has in view, we cannot help entertaining considerable doubt whether it can be attained by these, or indeed by any, measures. If it pays to get up lines and provide for their construction, in the mode which has lately been prevalent, this will still be done, in despite of any Standing Orders. Nor can we help thinking that there is a good deal of force in the remarks made by Lord Stanley of Alderley, that the suggested alterations of practice might impede the construction of branch lines, which now form the principal subject of Parliamentary legislation, and to which, although necessary to the public convenience, established companies are decidedly hostile. At any rate, we think it is clear that the measures proposed by Lord Redesdale are by far too important to be adopted by either House acting alone. It would be in the highest degree inconvenient to subject railway bills to a radically different treatment in each branch of the Legislature; and therefore we trust that his Lordship will reconsider his hasty determination to proceed without obtaining the concurrence, or even ascertaining the opinion, of the House of Commons.

The subject of Irish Education has been once more brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. Admirably as the National System has worked, it still con-

tinues to be regarded with disfavour by the extreme sections of both the Catholic and the Protestant Churches. From both sides we are assailed by demands for a more purely denominational and sectarian system; and by complaints that, as matters stand, the interests of each faith are injured by the education given in the common schools of Ireland. We trust that Parliament will never countenance any substantial departure from the principles on which this system has been hitherto worked. But, on the other hand, there can be no objection to meet any fair grounds of objection which may arise from particular faults in its operation, or from carefully-considered details of its arrangements. If, as Mr. Chichester Fortesque admitted in the course of the discussion on Mr. O'Reilly's motion, proselytism—either Catholic or Protestant—does prevail in some of the schools, it is high time that stringent measures should be taken for the suppression of so objectionable a practice; and we hear with satisfaction that the Education Commissioners have under consideration some rules which may secure children against receiving religious instruction from the master of another faith except with the express sanction of their parents. The condition of the training and model schools is admitted to be unsatisfactory; indeed it seems that some of them, at any rate, are hotbeds of Fenianism. Some change is evidently required here, and it will no doubt be made now that the attention of the Government has been called to the subject. By a prompt and conciliatory method of dealing with practical grounds of complaint like those we have referred to, we trust that all classes and sections of Irishmen will, in time, be reconciled to a system of education very far superior to anything which exists in either England or Scotland.

War has not broken out, but on all sides preparations are being made for it with unabated activity. In consequence of the orders given to the journals both of Germany and of Italy to abstain from the publication of any news relating to the movements of the armies, we are left rather in the dark on this point. But it is understood that while Austria has recently strengthened her army in Venetia by a large corps of Croats, 200,000 Italians, with 200 guns, are massed upon the frontier, while the Prussian troops are rapidly concentrating both upon the Rhine and in Silesia. In the meantime, according to the *Moniteur*, which has at last broken silence on the subject, France, in concert with England and Russia, is directing her efforts towards the assembling of a Conference. If we may believe the official organ of the French Government, "the hopes for the preservation of peace have rather increased than diminished." Unfortunately, we recollect receiving similar assurances from the same journal anterior both to the Crimean and the Italian wars; nor does any one entertain any doubt that when they were then given the Emperor was doing his best to bring about a conflict. We are less inclined to place faith in the *Moniteur* on the present occasion because we observe that its statements are directly opposed to those made by the semi-official *Pays*. According to the latter,—and we believe on this occasion the more veracious journal,—the success of the neutral Powers "has daily become a matter of increased difficulty." That must be the case from the very nature of things. Preparation for war has now so far advanced that there can be but the very slightest chance of obtaining even a hearing for proposals of peace.

By bombarding the defenceless commercial city of Valparaiso the Spaniards have justly aroused the indignation of all civilized nations. It is true, that in taking that course they did not violate any law of warfare; for there is no doubt that in a state of war it is in one sense legitimate to destroy anything that you find on the enemy's territory, whether it belongs to his own subjects or to the citizens of neutral States. But the exercise of this extreme right has been in recent times restrained by considerations of humanity. During the Crimean war we might have destroyed Odessa, or at any rate we might have injured it materially. We refrained from doing so on the ground, that while such a proceeding would inflict immense individual suffering, it would not tend in any way to the termination of the war. According to the view on which France and England then acted it is not in a moral sense lawful to inflict injury merely for the sake of injury. Now, that is exactly what the Spaniards have done in the present instance. No one can suppose that the Chilians will be disposed to make peace because their houses and public buildings have been battered about their ears; still less that

any effect will be produced upon their minds by the destruction of a large quantity of merchandize belonging to merchants of neutral States. The bombardment was, therefore, an act of simple barbarity, and as such it cannot be too emphatically condemned. It will, no doubt, recoil upon the heads of those who perpetrated it, in more ways than one; for while it will tend to intensify the resistance and to cement the union of the South American Republics, it will also increase the indisposition of the mercantile and financial world to come to the assistance of Spain in her monetary difficulties and embarrassments. To that sort of retribution Spain must be left. It is clear that Admiral Denman could not, without violating both his instructions and international law, have interfered to prevent the attack upon Valparaiso. Nor can we, as a country, assume the right to dictate to Spain the mode in which she shall carry on war. However inconvenient it may be, the highest considerations of policy and principle bind us to respect the right of an independent State to take her own course in a matter of this kind. We cannot assume the responsibility of laying down and enforcing rules with reference to the exercise of belligerent rights. But, at the same time, it is exceedingly desirable, and it seems to us quite practicable, that this should be done by general consent, expressed through the medium of a Congress or otherwise.

The Fenians have actually done something at last. Embarking near Eastport in a schooner called the *Friend*, they hoisted the flag of the Irish Republic after they had got a safe distance from land, and on the following morning they attacked and took a British vessel, into which they transferred themselves. The change of vessels saved them from the pursuit of an American steamer, which was sent after them with great promptitude, and they are said to have made a descent on the Island of Grand Menan in the Bay of Fundy. It is difficult to conjecture what may be the scheme of these hair-brained men, but there can be no doubt as to its speedy termination. Their prompt capture should be a matter of absolute certainty, considering the fleet we have in the neighbouring seas; and, when they are caught, we trust that no mistaken considerations of mercy will prevent their being dealt with in such a manner as to bring home to the brotherhood, both in Ireland and America, a lively sense of the danger and penalties of piracy on the high seas. Apart from this slight exploit, Fenianism seems to be in a declining condition. The dissensions between the rival parties of O'Mahoney and Roberts are more bitter than ever, and the funds of both factions are said to be nearly exhausted. When they are quite exhausted the whole affair will collapse. It is already exciting the general contempt of the native Americans, who see through its real character; and readily perceive that, on the part of the leaders, it is nothing more than a swindling scheme for raising money. Under these circumstances, we may safely dismiss any fear of the Fenians disturbing the tranquility of our North-American provinces. The position of American domestic politics continues without material change. The most important event is the presentation of a final report on "Reconstruction," by the Committee of Congress, who have so long had the subject under consideration. The plan proposed is in the last degree harsh and oppressive towards the Southern States, which it will virtually exclude from representation in Congress until after the next presidential election. The object of this is evidently to secure the victory of the Radical party on that occasion, and thus to ensure them a further term of power and place. The policy is shrewd, but it is selfish and short-sighted. We shall be surprised if it is endorsed by the people, who care more for the restoration of the Union than for the triumph of any particular party.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

EACH successive day brings us nearer to the brink of a war. Negotiations with a view to the settlement of pending questions by a Congress are said to be still going on, but it is difficult to believe that they can lead to any result. There is no basis for any compromise, and two out of the three Powers whose interests are most deeply concerned are eager to precipitate the conflict, from which alone they can obtain the satisfaction of their ambitious designs or their patriotic desires. Neither Prussia nor Italy can halt in the career to which they have committed themselves, for both are sensible that it would

certainly be difficult, and would probably be impossible, to renew on any future occasion the combination on which each relies for winning from Austria the territorial cessions which it seeks. It is even difficult for Italy to pause until her slower ally is fully prepared, and some decent pretext is found for commencing operations. The hot blood of her people is on fire. No considerations of prudence or policy have any longer weight with them. The crisis so long anticipated has at last arrived, and they wait with undisguised impatience the signal to cross the Po and strike a blow for the liberation of Venetia. Nearly 200,000 troops are now in line close to the frontier; volunteers are rapidly crowding to the national standard, and within the present month it is confidently asserted that 400,000 men will be in arms. To baulk them of their expected prey would probably only be to convert a foreign into a civil war, and under these circumstances it is not to be expected that Victor Emmanuel or his advisers would listen to any terms but the immediate surrender of Venetia. The financial embarrassments entailed by the preparations for war must be of the severest character, and although they will be cheerfully borne in the event of a struggle in which the heart of the nation is thoroughly bound up, they would be insupportable if peace should bring with it nothing but the disappointment or the indefinite postponement of hope. Count von Bismarck must be quite aware that he must either go on with Italy now, or abandon the idea of ever obtaining her co-operation. The latter Power is, therefore, virtually master of the situation, and her choice of war must be decisive. There is, indeed, no indication of shrinking from any appeal to arms on the part of Prussia. The organization and concentration of the army are steadily proceeding. The various commanders and their staffs are understood to be appointed. The traffic on many of the railways is partially suspended, and everything indicates the near approach of the crisis. The notes which are yet passing backwards and forwards between the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna mean nothing but this, that Prussia being well aware that it rests with her to choose the moment for beginning operations, is waiting until she is perfectly ready to give the signal which shall set Europe in a flame. But, in the meantime, the threatening message sent to Hanover, and the advance of her troops to the Saxon frontier, are sufficient indications that she is merely delaying, and is not in any wise wavering. There is, indeed, probably another reason for this apparent sluggishness on her part. Count Bismarck is understood to have said, some time ago, that if he had to go to war, it should not be for Schleswig-Holstein merely, but for supremacy in Germany. In order to gain that supremacy, he is, according to apparently well accredited report, ready to appeal to popular sympathies, and to lean for support upon the Liberal party, which, throughout Germany, desires not only free institutions, but a united Fatherland. It is said that if the middle States, whose rulers incline towards Austria, reject his proposals for Federal reform, he will forthwith appeal to the German people and propose to them a constitution for the whole country, based on principles of the most comprehensive and even Democratic sort. That will, no doubt, be a formidable blow to strike at Austria, for even if it does not deprive her of the allies on whom she counts, it will in no slight degree paralyse the action of the minor sovereigns, whose peoples will scarcely fail to be in some degree attracted by the tempting bait held out to them. This blow, however, Prussia cannot deliver until the decision of the Bund has been given, and until that takes place she has, therefore, a strong motive for inaction. Delay is, in fact, not trying to her; for she can stand the strain upon her finances, while Austria must suffer grievously from the expence of providing for her enormous army from day to day. Up to the present time, indeed, the latter Power has shown no signs of want of money. Competent observers assure us that her army was never in a more efficient state, and it is certain that it has been mobilised with a celerity and completeness which reflect great credit on her military administration. Still, she must feel, although she may not betray, a pressure, which it would be for the interest of Prussia to protract for some time longer, if delay did not tell even more severely against Italy. It may be also that another Power is not yet quite ready. The *Moniteur* is most pacific, and is, indeed, prattling with delightful simplicity about the possible preservation of peace. But we know the official organ of the French Government too well to place much confidence in what it may say at a time like the present. Its declarations are contradicted by the fact which has transpired within the last few days that the Emperor Napoleon is actively preparing for war. Commissariat contracts have been entered into on a very large scale. The railways and the Mediterranean steamers have been warned to hold themselves in readiness for the conveyance of troops. Corps—described, of course, as “of

observation”—are to be moved at once to the Rhine and the Italian frontiers; and it is certainly not easy to understand why all this should be done, if France is really to maintain an attitude of unbroken neutrality. Of course, if she is to take an active part in the war, it is not likely that anything will be done until she is fully prepared. It is, however, the general impression, and one which we entirely share, that the outbreak of the war will not be delayed for more than a few days.

It is more difficult to form an opinion as to the precise mode in which a collision is to be brought about. Perhaps some chance encounter may serve the purpose; or it may be that Prussia will commence by entering some of the smaller States, under the pretext that their armaments are of a threatening character. In that case, it is easy to guess which would be the first victim. Saxony is not only conveniently accessible to the troops of her powerful neighbour, but she has long been regarded with a greedy eye by the Power for whose benefit she was despoiled by the treaty of Vienna. Having then annexed half Saxony, it is the most natural thing in the world that Prussia should wish for the rest, and we have no doubt that its acquisition is one of the objects which M. von Bismarck proposes to attain. By a rapid march the Prussians could readily seize the greater part of the little kingdom, and possess themselves both of Dresden and of the important city of Leipsic. We should not be surprised to see this done under the name of “occupation,” or something of the kind; but however pacific might be the pretence, Austria could not do otherwise than come to the assistance of her ally, and thus begin the war. From that moment we cannot help thinking that all the chances in a purely German war would be on the side of the South German power. In the first place, she can operate against the Prussian army in Saxony at pleasure, having as her base of operations the first-rate fortress of Theresienstadt in Bohemia, and advancing upon Dresden by passes in the Erz mountains, which lie within her grasp. She could choose her own moment for attack. As more than one route through these mountains is open to her, she would have the great advantage of keeping the foe in doubt as to the precise point upon which the advance would be directed. In case of a reverse her retreat would be assured; while if a similar casualty overtook the Prussian army, they would have to fall back across the Saxon plain, at the mercy of a cavalry probably superior in numbers, and certainly in efficiency. Nor is this all. The other seat of war would probably be Silesia. Now, this province is assailable by Austria on two sides, and in each instance she would be able to operate from a near and good base, and to conduct her advance on very favourable lines. The position of the defending force would be one of great difficulty, and could only be compensated for by superiority in the number or the quality of the troops. From the best information we possess on that point, we do not, however, think that Prussia has such a superiority. The Austrian army is more numerous than that of the North German Power. It consists to a larger extent of formed and trained soldiers, as contrasted with raw levies or regiments little better than militia. In the opinion of military critics its organization is superior; and we believe there is no doubt that in artillery and cavalry there is no comparison between the two armies. On the other hand, the Prussian infantry are said to have the best weapon, and there is no doubt that they know how to use it, and are brave and stubborn troops. Still, the balance of advantage is so obviously on the Austrian side in the main elements which conduce to success in war, that we should have little uncertainty as to the result, if the war were to be fought out between those two Powers. The great question is as to the effect of the Italian diversion. In Venetia, Austria will, if she be wise, stand strictly on the defensive, and she would probably do so with success if the Italians were left to themselves, and were reduced to the necessity of directly attacking the Quadrilateral. But then (to say nothing of the chance of French aid), the Italians have another course open to them. Having the command at sea, they can land an army at the head of the Adriatic, and strike at the communications between Vienna and Venice. They may also operate in a similar manner to the north, through the passes of the Italian Tyrol, whose population is warmly favourable to them. In this way the defenders of the Quadrilateral might in time be reduced to straits, and might be compelled to leave their fortresses and fight a battle on the open ground. In that case we should not despair of an Italian victory, although we are bound to say that the last war did not supply any proof that they could meet the best Austrian troops in the field on equal terms. They ought, however, to have the advantage of numbers, and

the time which has since elapsed must have been sadly thrown away if the defects in their cavalry, then their weakest point, have not been to some extent remedied. Assuming that Austria gains a moderate amount of assistance from the minor states of Germany, she has, we think, no great reason to dread a conflict even with Prussia and Italy united. But then we have only to state this conclusion in order to see how little it is worth. For it leaves out of sight the great unknown quantity upon which the ultimate result will in all likelihood depend. So long as the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon are a secret, it is useless to attempt any forecast of the future. Until we know how and at what point he will commence his attack upon the treaties of 1815, we have no basis for speculation. All that is tolerably certain is, that the side he eventually favours will win; and that he will take care to be well paid for his trouble in deciding the contest.

THE BANK CHARTER ACT.

THE crisis of last year having been surmounted without a suspension of the Bank Charter Act, the event was signalized by the greatest jubilation of the fortunate survivors of the pressure, who even went so far as to ascribe the safety of the commercial community to the restrictions imposed by the Act. Now for the third time the restrictions on the judgment of the directors of the Bank having been removed—that is, the operation of the Act having been for a third time suspended—its supporters, admitting the necessity of the suspension, are obliged to admit that at any rate something is to be said against an Act whose suspension so frequently becomes necessary, and accordingly they enter at once on their defence without waiting for the attack which they foresee is certain to be made. In fact, it is a case of the Lacedæmonians condescending to lengthen their monosyllables. A few short months back, and those who thought the Bank Charter Act something short of absolute perfection were not admitted to a hearing, or, if noticed at all, were put in the category of those who favoured an inconvertible paper currency, or an undue extension of credit.

It has been suggested by moderate and very timid people, that whilst the Bank Charter Act is perfect for all ordinary occasions, it is evidently unable to meet panics, which occur in this country frequently enough to deserve to be provided for in the Act itself, instead of being met by a suspension of its provisions. Such persons would desire that the machinery of representations to the Government, and an authorization from the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should be unnecessary by providing, in an amended Act, that the Directors of the Bank should be authorized to increase the issue of Bank notes at their discretion, whenever the rate of discount passed a certain point. Mr. Hubbard—a gentleman who deserves all our attention—answers this, in a letter which appeared in the *Times* of last Monday, by saying that, “as it would be folly to provide beforehand for the events in which the Habeas Corpus Act should be suspended, so it would be equally absurd to anticipate the occurrence of panic and legislate prophetically.” He goes on to say, most truly, that “credit is but too ready to usurp the place of capital,” and, evidently believing that if the Directors of the Bank might issue notes at their discretion, subject to publicity and to the liability of being called on to pay them in gold on demand, they would issue them on credit, and without ample security, he adds that, “with an escape from the consequences of improvidence prepared by law, credit would be carried to still more disastrous consequences.” If we have the honour of counting Mr. Hubbard amongst our readers, we would respectfully submit to him that it would not be quite impossible to provide beforehand for all probable, if not for all possible, occasions warranting the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. But we will not hold him to the justice of a comparison, but ask him rather, why, in the particular instance of the panic which set in last week, he believes that the Directors of the Bank, if they had been armed by law with the discretion which the Government wisely, but illegally, conferred on them, would have used their discretion so as to enable people who applied to them for assistance to escape from the consequences of improvidence, or would have acted so as that credit would have been carried to still more disastrous lengths. For ourselves, we think better of Mr. Hubbard and his colleagues in the Direction of the Bank, and we have no doubt, that if they had by law been armed with the discretion illegally conferred on them by the Government, they would have assisted Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited), or declined to assist them, on sound grounds. We have no doubt at all, that if they found that that Company was doing a sound, mercantile business

and had sufficient security to offer, and that the required advance would not have imperilled their own power to meet their own engagements, they would have assisted Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited), and pocketed the profits of doing so; but that if they found the company doing a speculative, and, so, hazardous business, and unable to offer good banking securities for a required advance, they would not have accommodated them with one. Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited) would have gone in this latter case just as they have gone. For the present we treat the question, whether in that case the failure would have caused the panic which it did in fact cause, as an open one, observing only that the illegal, but wise and even necessary, removal of the restrictions of the Bank Charter Act by the Government actually did, as a matter of fact, put an end to the panic; and that the immediate cause of the panic is allowed to have been the fear that the restrictions imposed by the Bank Charter Act would prevent the Bank from supplying to people who could give good security a sufficient supply—not of gold, which has not been in demand, but of bank notes—to meet the rush for the realization of deposits.

Thus much for Mr. Hubbard's answer to those persons, whom we have called moderate and timid, who desire to maintain the restrictions of the Bank Charter Act in all ordinary times, but to provide by law for the removal of the restrictions on extraordinary occasions, instead of trusting to an illegal remedy. We do not adopt the views of these persons, whilst we admit that the change they advocate would be an improvement on the present state of the law and practice, but we hold that Mr. Hubbard's answer to them is most unsatisfactory.

One other sentence in Mr. Hubbard's letter strikes us with so much astonishment that we cannot but doubt whether we do not misunderstand it. He says:—“It may be worth considering, however, whether a suspension of the restriction of bank issues is always to be the remedy for panic, or whether a mode of relief may be prescribed available to those banks, and to those only, which maintain, if not an adequate reserve, yet such an amount of Government Stock and Exchequer Bills as may entitle them to the supply of cash which they require.” If we understand this rightly, Mr. Hubbard would wish that banks who do not keep an adequate supply (whatever that may be) of Consols and Exchequer Bills, but still keep some, should have the cash they require. But how is this cash to be got, if, under the restriction of the Bank Charter Act, the directors are unable to supply it? Is it intended that the Government, or some other body, other than the Bank, shall issue notes on what they deem good security, and on the credit of the bankers who apply for assistance, if the reserve of Consols and Exchequer Bills which they hold (which Mr. Hubbard supposes to be inadequate to their necessities) is insufficient to obtain the necessary supply of cash? We think that Mr. Hubbard owes an explanation of this passage to the public, unless we have failed to penetrate its obvious meaning. The Bank already, keeping within the Act, can lend such cash as it has to lend on any security which is satisfactory to it. Is some one else to lend money on securities not satisfactory to the Bank? or, if the Bank does not make the required advance because, under the restrictions of the Act, it has not notes enough, is some one else to manufacture notes, and so break indirectly through the Bank Charter Act, by doing what that Act prevents the Bank from doing?

Our readers will observe that we have confined ourselves to a criticism on Mr. Hubbard's answer to those who wish that the law should be altered so as to enable the Bank to do legally what, last week, and in 1847 and 1857, they did illegally, and that we have not ourselves proposed any counter-scheme, whilst they will be aware that we cannot say anything in defence of the existing law, which we believe is itself the cause of very much of that inflation of the money market which is so fruitful of over-speculation and subsequent panic.

THE PILGRIM OF MONTE CASSINO.

THE leading journal (which may naturally have a leaning towards the Black Friars) lately gave a prominent position in its columns to an appeal made by “Anglicanus” in behalf of the Benedictine abbey of Monte Cassino. It was too hard, the writer said, that the monks of Monte Cassino should share the fate of suppression decreed against all the monastic orders throughout the Kingdom of Italy. They were an educated and liberal body; their house was a sanctuary of learning and a centre of hospitality; their magnificent library was an institution in itself; and it would be a manifold profanation to break up such an establishment. Father Tosti, its most eminent member, was a well-read, well-bred, very enlightened

man, who was versed in the writings of Dickens, appreciated Layard, and admired Gladstone. Would not these influential men say a word for Monte Cassino? Would not the Government of Italy exempt such a place from the general doom of the Italian convents?

Let "Anglicanus" set his mind at ease. Monte Cassino has found a powerful protector. In the course of his tour in Southern Italy, Prince Napoleon lately visited the shrine of St. Benedict. It is said that his Imperial Highness edified the community by his devout crossings and apparently fervent prayers. It cannot be but that his intercession will prevail with his royal father-in-law for the preservation of a place in which he takes so pious an interest. It must have been a touching scene. Prince Napoleon at the shrine of St. Benedict! What a subject for a grand historical painting, such as might worthily find a place in the galleries of Versailles, or, if you like it better, for a ballad or an elegy in the style of "Pleasantman X."! It was not generally thought before that the Prince was a patron of monachism. There were even those who said that Mormonism would have been more to his taste. Both words, it is true, like Monmouth and Macedon, begin with an M. Like Ulysses of old, his Highness

"Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspicit,"

and is said to be not altogether unacquainted with

"Sirenum voces et Circes pocula;"

and those persons who have scrutinised his career in an unduly disparaging spirit might be disposed to think that, if he had not made such a remarkably quick run from America a few years ago, to avoid a meeting with the Duc d'Aumale, his travels in that country might possibly have extended as far as the grave of Joe Smith. To this the recent visit to Monte Cassino would have been a proper anti-climax.

It might be uncharitably suggested that the Prince mistook the convent for a casino, but he is too highly cultured and well-informed a man to make such a mistake, and that hypothesis is quite untenable. But there is really room for the inquiry, what, after all, took him there, especially if his demeanour was such as it is described? It has hitherto been supposed that his Catholicity was not of a very decided kind. It is even said that the apology made for him on this head by the Princess Clotilde is simply to the effect that, at any rate, he is not a hypocrite, like Somebody Else. When the late Prince Jerome was on his death-bed, it was generally rumoured that the authority of the Emperor had to be invoked to overcome the opposition which Prince Napoleon offered to the visits of Cardinal Morlot, whom the Empress had summoned to attend the dying man. Perhaps he believed that his father was unconscious, and considered that no spiritual assistance could be of any avail. A story, which certainly has not the look of being authentic, and had, probably, a Legitimist or Orleanist origin, was told at the time, to the effect that, one day when Prince Napoleon went to see his father at Meudon, he asked the physicians in attendance whether they thought the patient would be able to recognise him, of which he had himself great doubts. They thought it probable he would, and conducted the visitor to the bed-side. "Ah, te voilà, mon brave!" said the old man. "There," said his son, "I told you he would not know me. He thinks it is some one else." There is not sufficient reason for supposing that the Prince is an out-and-out "Solidaire," even though he did attend M. Bixio's funeral instead of the Duchess de Mouchy's wedding.

His Imperial Highness's loiterings in the Neapolitan territory certainly look suspicious. His purpose may be very innocent; he may have been inspecting the royal villa at Portici which he is about to purchase from Francis II., or he may have been reviewing the evolutions of the Italian fleet in the gulf of Tarento; or he may have been simply indulging his taste as an antiquarian and virtuoso. Yet, the state of the South of Italy at present gives rise to other conjectures. All the good troops have been drafted off to the north. Those who are to replace them, as well as those who remain, will scarcely be strong enough to repress either brigands or reactionaries. In Naples itself the people are better affected to Garibaldi than to Victor Emmanuel, and they made this disposition sufficiently manifest the other day, when, though Prince Humbert took his departure with the troops in the most public and ostentatious way, not a voice was raised to honour his name, though Garibaldi's was hailed with repeated and deafening vivas. It is officially stated that the French troops in Rome have changed their designation, and are now called, not the Army of Occupation, but the Army of Observation. In order to lengthen the telescopic tube of such a body, fresh reinforcements

and additions may from time to time be required. The rumour of an increase has been authoritatively contradicted, but it is probably only premature. If the Florence Cabinet should be reconstructed, with Ricasoli at its head, and Crispi and Mordini as members, it would not possess the confidence of the French Emperor to the same extent as that over which La Marmora presides. Ricasoli has declared that he does not see a foot of Italian soil which ought to be surrendered, though there are many to be reacquired. Crispi and Mordini are friends of Garibaldi, whose name we know is not in good odour at Paris. What is more likely than that, under such circumstances, the Army of Observation in Rome should be largely augmented, and, in the event of serious checks or reverses occurring to the Italian forces in the North, the interests of order, of which the Emperor Napoleon is so determined a protector, should require the occupation of Naples by a French corps? If the Imperial policy will have it that Italy shall be free (from German rule, be it understood) from the Alps to the Adriatic, we know, on the other hand, that the idea of making the Mediterranean a French lake has not been laid aside. A strong and united Italy would stand in the way of this; but an Italy kept in leading-strings, whether united or not, especially with Sardinia in French hands, would tend towards its realization. Malta, it is true, is still British; but as we infer from the Auxerre speech that Waterloo is yet to be avenged, we need not doubt that it is within the scope of the Imperial projects to drive us out of Malta as well as Gibraltar. It is hoped, no doubt, that before such an enterprise is attempted, the so-called Latin races will be combined in such a manner as to obey without hesitation the central and unquestioned control of Paris.

Possibly, therefore, a new kingdom of the Two Sicilies may emerge from the present troubles of Europe; and in view of the *plébiscite*, which is the essential Napoleonic preliminary to such an organization, Prince Napoleon may have thought it well to conciliate the clerical interests which are so powerful in Southern Italy. Auxerre may be said to have blotted out the recollection of Ajaccio; and the Emperor will not be unwilling to forgive an imprudent speech in one who is capable of adapting, in future, his public declarations to the wishes and policy of the head of the family. It may be possible to persuade the clergy that a converted Prince would make a very religious King. Father Tosti may be induced to suppose that a patron of letters and the arts would wish to see him Archbishop of Naples. Finally, it is at least within the limits of probability that those peculiar illustrations of Roman worship and morality in Pagan times which Alexandre Dumas exposed to the public gaze when he was appointed by Garibaldi Director of the Museo Borbonico, would find an appreciative owner in that enlightened student of antique art who constructed the villa of the Avenue Montaigne.

THE DERBY.

WITH whatever feelings we may regard horse-racing in the abstract, no one can fail to rejoice that the great three-year-old race should this year have been won by a horse belonging to a gentleman of so high a reputation as Mr. Sutton. It may be safely asserted that since the institution of the race, no horse has been more openly and honestly dealt with than Lord Lyon, the winner for the present year. He has been eminently a public horse, as last year he was a constant public performer, and commenced his career this spring by winning the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket. In consequence of his victory in the early part of the year, the success of Lord Lyon at Epsom last Wednesday was anticipated by many with considerable confidence. There were, however, other competitors in the Derby who had either closely contested two-year-old races with him, or who had not as yet met him. Of the latter, the two most conspicuous in the betting before the start were Rustic and the colt by Stockwell out of Bribery; of the former, Redan and Knight of the Crescent. All of these had their supporters; but the success of Mr. Sutton last year, and the great reputation of the horse himself, made Lord Lyon quite the public favourite on the day of the race, although some days ago Rustic appeared likely to dispute that position with him. As the event proved, public confidence was fully justified, although the victory was by no means an easy one, for the hitherto unknown son of Stockwell so nearly obtained first honours, that the rider of the winner immediately after the race was doubtful whether he had won or not. Nor is it improbable that had a less experienced jockey, or a less able horseman, than Custance been upon Lord Lyon, the positions of the first two horses would have been reversed.

Men entirely external to the racing world hardly reflect upon the skill and science which is required to win a Derby and to make the victory a profitable speculation. It is a well-known fact that the value of the stakes is not the great inducement which makes owners of horses so eager to grasp the blue riband of the turf. It is the large amount of money which can be won by betting that renders this race, above all others, so desirable a prize. In order, however, to speculate with any success, it is far from sufficient to have a good horse. Means must be adapted for the purpose of finding out whether a horse has a strong probability of beating all his opponents. For this purpose "trials" were instituted. The best trial of all is undoubtedly public running, because in public it is pretty certain that a horse will run at one time much the same as at another if in the same state as to condition and preparation. Public trials are, however, seldom practicable, because the same horses seldom meet twice altogether, nor for a speculative owner are they profitable, because as soon as a horse has won in public he becomes well known, and few people will be found so enterprising as to lay long odds against him. When, then, it is desired to keep a horse "dark," as it is technically termed, the trial must be conducted in private. With this object some horse belonging to the stable is sent out to run in public, and when it has been ascertained what he can do, he is matched privately against the horse about whose capabilities information is desired. If the "dark" horse acquits himself to the satisfaction of the stable, the "party," that is, the people interested in him, put their money on.

This backing the horse, or putting the money on, involves not only people who bet on horses, but also those who bet against them. As a general rule, the layers against horses are the members of the betting-ring, and as it could hardly be expected that the betting-ring should be composed of philanthropists who will bet against horses purely for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of owners, we may glance at the manner in which the Ring make their bets so as to be tolerably certain of winning money under any circumstances. The bookmakers make a book of a certain amount, say of £10,000. This means that they determine not to lose more than £10,000 by the victory of any individual horse. But as their wish is not only not to lose, but also to win, their great aim is to bet against as many horses as possible, at as short odds as possible, so that as only one horse can win, they may win more than £10,000 in the bets bet to them by backers of other horses. It would seem that in this way it must be tolerably easy to make sure of winning, and doubtless many of the large bookmakers are continually gaining large sums of money; but it would be a most dangerous experiment for an amateur to attempt, for two principal reasons. In the first place, without both knowing and being well known to an enormous number of betting men, it is extremely difficult to get round, as it is termed, which means to bet against the requisite number of horses to cover the losses which are sustained by betting against the winner; and secondly, as gambling debts cannot be enforced by law, although the people to whom one loses are all pretty certain to be present on settling-day, it is just possible that a few from whom one wins may not be forthcoming.

It appears to us that persons who wish to dissuade young men from embarking in a career of speculation on the Turf would do better, instead of declaiming violently against the immorality of betting, to explain the practical improbabilities of winning, except for a man who can devote all his time and attention to this one pursuit. The professional bookmaker, with a mind devoted to the one sole object of making profitable bets, and with every opportunity of obtaining the best information, enters the lists on terms which no ordinary amateur can ever hope to obtain. On the other hand, backers of horses can hardly ever secure the fair mathematical odds against the horse they wish to back; and even if they should make a profitable investment in the first place, they have to lay much larger odds than the professional bookmaker, if they wish to make their stake safe by laying against the horse at a shorter price than they themselves originally took. It may be accepted as a general rule that backers are always at a disadvantage; for even if they know a horse to have been tried and to be a good one, the facilities for communication are now so great that the Ring probably know as much about the trial as the owner does, almost as soon, and will not lay long prices against him.

The Derby this year has been favourable to bookmakers, on the whole. The fact of a favourite winning is considered, of course, disadvantageous to this fraternity. But it must be remembered that many horses were good favourites as two-year-olds who never started for the race at all, and that, there-

fore, all money for which these were backed found its way, without a struggle, into the pockets of the Ring. This was the case with Student, Primate, Auguste, and several others. Many backers of horses hail the victory of a favourite with delight, because they regard the Ring as a species of natural enemy, whose every discomfiture is a source of triumph to themselves; but they should reflect that the Ring suffer but little when they have laid against many horses who never start; while the idea that favourites win increases the number of backers, and eventually adds in the long run to the profits of that community. Mr. Sutton and his friends have no doubt secured a large stake by the victory of Lord Lyon; but we have yet to see whether all their profits will not find their way back, in subsequent events, into the pockets of that much absorbing community. The owners of Vespasian and Janita have before this landed good sums, but we doubt if, on their whole racing career, they are much to the good. It is indubitable that if a man has abundance of time, capital, and means for acquiring information, he may make money by bookmaking; but the life is by no means an easy one. It entails constant attendance at race meetings by day, much expense in travelling, and many heavy calculations by night. As to backing horses, it is pure gambling, with every adverse chance. Putting aside all higher considerations than the mere hope of winning, or rather hope of not losing, our advice to any man who contemplated betting on the Turf must be the same as that of our respected contemporary, *Punch*, to persons about to marry—Don't.

PUCK IN PARLIAMENT.

WE have heard that during the Reform debate there were some brilliant flashes of cock-a-doodle-dooism from the Conservative benches. The farmyard imitations were said to be admirable. Unfortunately the reporters were unable to reproduce them, and we owe our readers an apology for the word in which we have endeavoured to convey an idea of those performances. We are inclined to think, although the notion is original, that the Joels of the House have derived their occupation from the famous geese who once saved the Capitol. There is a moral in that legend highly suggestive to a certain class of country gentlemen; perhaps they take a sort of family pride in it. In this way we can account for the cackling, crowing, and squeaking which followed or interpolated the speeches of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright, and on a like ground the excessive zeal which might even drive an honourable member to make an ass of himself for his cause is comprehensible; he is pursuing the policy of his classic and anserine progenitors. But we would confine members to some limit in this respect—their several parts should be settled. We are convinced that if the constituents who are represented by the best crower in the House only knew the treasure they possessed, his re-election would be assured. There are a number of gentlemen who might be described as the members for "Yoickshire." They distinguished themselves very much lately, but, as we said before, there is a difficulty in chronicling their eloquence which stenography has not yet overcome. They must be satisfied with the rewards of conscience; "there is something attempted, something done," as Longfellow writes of the Village Blacksmith. A "view hallo" enlivens a flagging debate. The practice of "halloing" and "Yoicks, yoicking" may ultimately become popular, and an essential for a member. We may yet see rival candidates endeavouring to "Tally-ho" one another competitively upon the hustings. We are afraid, however, the passing of the Reform Bill will interfere with the march of improvement in this direction. It will also abate the quotations from Horace or the Eton grammar in which other honourable members indulged so freely; the chosen of working men will not be likely to ornament his oratory with Latin trinkets. Possibly, too, he may object to the Capitoline salvors. Then, indeed, Puck must leave Parliament. He brews mischief there now almost nocturnally. He beguiles the bean-fed horse of politics until that animal is prepared to eat his own head off. You never can anticipate where Puck will minister to mischief. We suspect he lurks most often in a champagne-bowl, and thus finds entrance beneath the roof of an honourable member's skull, who straightway is subservient to the sprite. Puck's field nights, however, are when an Irish question is ventilated. Strangely indeed does he set gentlemen by the ears when Milesian concerns are started. There was a notable instance recently. One honourable member charged another honourable member with making a statement which he knew to be unfounded. This was severe, to say the least of it. The Speaker was

appealed to, and called on the offending gentleman to retract his words. Whereupon the latter fixed his hat firmly on his head (Mr. Buckstone does the same when he desires to evince a comic determination), and spoke not a syllable. A breathless pause ensues, and a scene is imminent. Sir George Grey rises to the rescue, and Mr. Whiteside indicates a course for the emphatic member which may be at once a concession to his own sulkiness, and an ungracious compliance with the rules of the House. The hint of Mr. Whiteside is adopted, but Puck does not so soon leave the elbow of an accomplished medium. Here is a sentence calculated to aggravate the temper of a saint, and what effect must it have had upon the disposition of an Irish member?—

"If the hon. member, by interrupting me, thinks he puts me to the least inconvenience, he vastly overrates his own importance and undervalues my indifference to him."

The public will derive an immense benefit from debates conducted in this fashion. As examples, for instance, of good-breeding and the amenities of discussion, they would be invaluable. Are we wrong in putting the Shakespearian elf in the gothic vault in which the Commons assemble? Who suggested to Mr. Whalley that the Jesuits caused the New Zealand war but Puck? Who stirred Mr. Newdegate to say that Mr. Whalley was no Protestant? Who inspired gentlemen to call on Mr. Whalley for a song? When the Nottingham lambs were being examined, Puck played the fun and mischief at committee, discovering the venal ruffianism of those creatures, their shameless rowdiness, and utter ignorance of principle. As the evidence was extracted Puck could not conceal his merriment—

"And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

Puck it was who got an hon. member to blurt out a premature anxiety on the score of the Derby. Unquestionably, the mimetic senators above alluded to are especial favourites of his. They do him suit and homage. When Mr. Gladstone rebuked them, and asked whether he was to be allowed to proceed, Puck signalled quiet until the speech was over, when he uncorked their eloquence and fugged a confusion of tongues and a concert of animal sounds. Puck enjoys some of the forms of the House too. He takes pleasure in the mace, in the doorkeepers, in the crumbling stone, and the general inconvenience of this most expensive building. He lingers by the kitchen, and watches every advent from the dining-room, preying upon any unfortunate member who may have indiscreetly topped, and causing a row betimes. Of course, he is present at a division, and assists at the locking-out of the malingerers. Indeed, we may be quite safe in saying that our readers could never visit the House during the session without seeing Puck in Parliament, while during the recess he would be as certain to be discovered refreshing his sense of humour opposite some of the pictures in the corridors.

THE IRISH JUDICATURE.

It is no less curious than true that there is no estate or department in Ireland which does not possess a standing grievance of some sort or other. The land there is a cause of discontent, the railways have gone wrong, religion is a source of dissatisfaction, and patriotism is a euphemistic phrase understood to mean either political swindling, or unintelligent disaffection. A man cannot even marry in Ireland without provoking a complication; but if he is inclined for a little bigamy, there is a special statute at his service. However, if there is a point upon which we believe Ireland to be trustworthy and capable, it is in the system and working of her national judicature. Irishmen have been always excellent lawyers. Barristers and attorneys abound across the Channel. The Dublin Four Courts swarm in term time with suitors and lawyers to an extent that would lead a stranger to imagine that Ireland could hardly be the impoverished country she is said to be, when so many of her children can afford the luxury of litigation. And it must be said that, on the whole, Irish law business is conducted in a manner creditable, and notably creditable, to her. The decisions of the Chancellor give invariable satisfaction. He is a painstaking conscientious man, with an intellect so trained to the functions of his office, that facts yield up the truth to it almost without a conflict. Possessing a strong basis of common sense, and a power of translating that gift into the formular shapes of equity so as to reduce his opinions to a technical consistence, he has a disregard for

quibbles, however venerable, a contempt for hair-splitting, however ingenious, and a solid precision of inference about which there is neither hedging nor uncertainty. The Common Law Courts, with the exception of the Queen's Bench, will bear favourable comparison with our own. It would be impossible to pass over the exception, and it is with reluctance we feel bound to dwell upon it. A great deal of squeamishness as well as bad taste has been exhibited in this regard. The facts are that an old gentleman whom nobody living can remember a young man, and who has a son of the mature age of sixty or thereabouts, persists in remaining upon the bench with an obstinate disregard for public propriety, and an equal disregard for even those physical warnings which are legibly and facially written up against him. The sight would be altogether sad if it were not so scandalous. If no harm was done by it, we might not object to a Chief Justice dosing upon the Queen's Bench while his able brother judges attended to the business of the court; but this Chief Justice goes on circuit. For our readers to understand what takes place then, we refer to a recent debate in the House where the Attorney-General for Ireland mentioned that he had himself to write out a sentence of death for the Court to deliver, and that the Court was incapable of reading what was written, despite this unprecedented assistance. That a man of Chief Justice Lefroy's age is not a good judge is no wonder, but that he is a judge at all is a very great wonder. Hints are quite thrown away in his case, and for mere party purposes he is urged to retain his position. Another report is that he keeps it from choice, which is unaccountable. He has gained repute and the Shakespearian felicities, he would retire on an ample pension, and by the concluding act of his judicial career he would earn the gratitude of the country which is already indebted to him for services. We have also heard that his friends (from whom indeed he should pray to be saved) carefully remove from him every newspaper that might suggest a sense of his condition, that he is totally unaware of the unseemly controversy of which he is the subject, and that he is ignorant of the degrading excuses addressed to Parliament in his behalf by Mr. Whiteside. If such be the facts, nothing could more plainly indicate the apathetic senility into which his lordship must have lapsed when his relatives are able to bar him totally out from the light of a public discussion of which he is himself the central figure. The pleas put forward on account of the splendid abilities he once possessed are readily and cheerfully admitted, but for the transaction of affairs a judge, and not a relic, is required. So high is the respect entertained for the character of Chief Justice Lefroy, that in deference to it the stern obligations of truth have been overlooked, and the fiducial responsibilities of the press to see that the law is efficiently administered appear to have been forgotten. We, too, would deprecate an unkind or unfeeling imputation, but from the facts in our possession—facts that cannot be much longer repressed by the clique who have palisaded their venerable dupe from the reach of remonstrance, we think it fair to publish in downright language the circumstances of a scandal which must soon become notorious.

The Queen's Bench is an important tribunal, having direct cognizance of criminal informations, and being specially conversant with the magisterial system of the country. Upon important motions of law, the Chief Justice sits with his brother judges, and for about one hour appears to be aware of what is going on, occasionally putting pertinent questions to counsel, and raising little make-believe points which are listened and replied to in the peculiar manner in which the Bar are now accustomed to address his lordship. As the business proceeds he forbears taking a note, or asking for documents, and seems to gaze into vacancy, across the court, and brood in a stone-like fixedness as though he were qualified for a post in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. He is not, however, slumbering, but is as if comatose from pure brain-weariness, and the exhaustion of age. When judgment is to be given, he is touched (or, perhaps, gently shinned under the convenient cover of the bench), and for half a minute there is a dead silence, during which his lordship collects his faculties, and these exhibit a considerable reluctance to turn off from the quiet wool-gathering in which they have recreated. The hon. member for Cork reported to the House that in the case of the Queen v. Steins, in which the Court were unanimous, it became the duty of the Chief Justice to deliver judgment, but after mumbling a few words as if he intended to grapple with the propositions involved in the issue, he stared wildly in a hopeless confusion of intellect, and then, in a moment or two after, lurched forward and said, "Judgment affirmed." When he finds his voice, the sentences sound ven-tiloquial and distant, and are frequently iterated and reiterated

(for instance, he repeated himself three or four times in his decision in a recent important bigamy case), and the conclusion being usually confided to his lordship beforehand, we need scarcely say it seldom differs from that of the other judges. About a fortnight since there was a contest before the Court concerning two persons seeking to be appointed Commissioners for taking affidavits. When the argument had been heard, his lordship proceeded to deliver judgment, but when he came to the finish, and should pronounce the name of the successful applicant, there was an awkward pause—he had completely forgotten it. The counsel, with a zeal which got the better of his sense of decorum, called out suggestively the name of his client, which Chief Justice Lefroy adopted as if suddenly relieved from an embarrassment. This indecorous interlude took place in the presence of two other judges, who passed it over in silence, as fortunately the prompting was in accordance with the views they had themselves formed of the case. At Nisi Prius sittings he has been heard to charge the jury exactly after the fashion of Mr. Charles Mathews in "Patter v. Clatter." There were to have been seventeen records tried by him on the 9th of this month, but such is the panic among suitors recently inspired by his lordship, that only three cases out of the seventeen went to a verdict. If the case is protracted he becomes oblivious of the facts of the trial, his intellect falls in on itself as it were, and he assumes a stolid incubating expression which results in an addled summing up of the evidence. Both attorneys and barristers intrigue to get before or get away from his lordship according to the nature of the suit. If it be an honest one with merits, they know the mischances to which it will be exposed from the eccentric directions to which the jury are liable; and if it be a bad one, the Chief Justice is preferred on account of a peculiarity with which he is often afflicted, and which simply consists in charging directly against the facts and the evidence. This glaring state of things deserves full exposure. The law should be administered as strictly and as efficiently in Ireland as with us. During the State trials the Executive was thoroughly well represented by its legal officers, and the result was that the peace of the country was restored, and the disaffected were duly punished. But what if Chief Justice Lefroy had tried the Fenians? And it was his business to do so, yet not even Mr. Whiteside would venture to say he was competent to perform this duty. The absurd anomaly of his remaining on the bench may be thus tested. A judge should be fit for his work; and here is a judge who, not to put too fine a point on it, is only fit for his bed. It may look, at first sight, hard to set down this question as we have done, but the interest of the public is involved in it; and when every mild hint or suggestion is disregarded or challenged, further tolerance is liable to be mistaken for compromise. Sir Hugh Cairns complained that the question was not fairly or distinctly raised, and that the discussion of it was calculated to bring the judicial office to discredit; the answer to which is that if the question was candidly opened, a great deal more discredit would be attached to the judicial officer he seeks to protect. Sir Hugh has evidently a bad cause when he deprecates the lenient mode in which the subject has been treated as calculated to mislead and embarrass, while in the same breath he says it would be unkind as well as scandalous to adopt a sterner tone, the very manner he asks for in the first instance. We cannot imagine that the friends of the Chief Justice will continue much longer to defy the public opinion of the country, and to tempt the patience of the Legislature, who may be ultimately compelled to a step for which, fortunately, there are but few precedents in our history.

THE INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

THE result of the late examination for the India Civil Service is now before the public, having been announced to the candidates in the "Table of Marks" which the postman has brought to each of them. The first fact with which one is struck, on glancing over the list, is the remarkable falling off which has taken place from the answering of last year. Again there are, as on that occasion, fifty successful candidates; but the marks of the highest of these are 521 less, and of the lowest 416 less respectively than the marks of the highest and lowest of last year. Altogether, the answering, taking an average, has fallen off from that of 1865 by no less a number of marks than 470, or nearly 25 per cent. This result calls for explanation, however trifling it may appear to those in official circles, and must excite grave apprehension as to the future. Some persons, anxious to defend the present system of marking, to which, in our opinion, this falling

off is clearly traceable, may allege that it is satisfactorily accounted for by the reduction which has lately taken place in the ages of the candidates; and no doubt the explanation will go down with many. But natural and plausible as it appears, the facts of the case most decidedly do not support such a notion. If this reduction were a true account of the matter, a first result we should expect would be that the answering in 1865 of the twenty-one-year olds (now excluded) was better than that of the twenties, and also that the answering of the latter, in both that and the present year, was about equal. The very reverse of this, however, is the fact. In both years one half of the successful candidates were of the age of twenty, scattered up and down each list; but the answering of these respective halves differed by 470 marks. On what principle can it be accounted for that these two sets of young men, each set twenty-five in number, and all of the age of twenty, have answered on these two occasions so unequally? Whatever be the cause, it is clear that age or reduction of age had nothing to do with it. And then again, as to the answering of the twenty-one year olds in 1865, the fact is that they were beaten completely by those of their competitors who counted a year less. The two youths who stood at the top of the list were of the age of twenty; there were seven such among the first ten, and only one twenty-one-year old. The truth seems to be that, in the competition at the India Examination, youths of the higher order of ability can reach a proficiency of attainments sufficient to ensure success by the age of twenty; and, such being the case, as is proved by the facts, it is clearly vain to contend that the reduction of age has been the cause of so great a falling off in the answering of 1866.

But equally vain would it be to allege as the cause that the papers set for the examination were more difficult than in the prior year. Here, again, facts obstinately resist the conclusion, for the papers were easier, and the reason of their having been easier was that the examiners took into account the reduction of age, and diminished the severity of their tests accordingly, accommodating the questions to the assumed more embryotic condition of the young idea. So here we are led to a worse rather than a better state of affairs, for, as the questions were easier, the twenty-year olds, and indeed the nineteens and eighteens, ought to have answered better instead of worse than did the candidates of equal age in 1865.

All such explanations being excluded, there remains but one account to be given of the matter—the answering of this year has fallen off because an inferior class of candidates only have come forward. The truth is that the best men from our universities and schools are discouraged and frightened away by the ever-fluctuating and fallacious tests of proficiency which the Civil Service Commissioners have lately applied in their examinations. To secure good men, there must be mutual confidence. Youths of real ability, who know that prizes are within their reach in many fields of competition, will shun the examinations in which they have no confidence, while those of lesser calibre will be glad to make a venture at them, trusting to the chances of fortune. The very ambition which inspires real talent impels it to eschew the arena where to win might be gain, but not necessarily merit. We pointed out on a former occasion (LONDON REVIEW, Sept. 23, 1865) that it is impossible by any sound views of education or intellectual progress to justify the system of marking which was introduced in 1865, and persisted in by the Commissioners this year. One-third of the total attainable marks which denote absolute proficiency in any subject cannot represent mere competency or "cram" in that subject, and at the same time only one-eighth, or one-fourth, or actually cypher, represent cram in another. That 125 out of a maximum of 1,000 marks is the limit to which a noodle can be crammed in English literature, and that every mark beyond that indicates real talent and knowledge, is hardly credible, if at the same time you are required to believe that the same noodle can be crammed in German language and literature—a subject so difficult to English students—to the extent of 333 in 1,000, and yet remain a noodle—a mere creature of cram. That one-third should denote superficial knowledge in the harder subject, and only one-eighth the same thing in our own language and literature is a camel capable only of being swallowed by a crotchety or eccentric don. Still more beyond the deglutition of common sense is the notion which the Commissioners have on the last two occasions reduced to practice, that Mathematics is altogether beyond the reach of Noodledom—that there can be no cram, no incompetency, no superficial knowledge in it. Rare, indeed, is the discovery by which it has been ascertained that the youth who can find a square equal to the sum of two

squares, or the centre of gravity of a triangle, as many youths no doubt did at the late examination, is a real mathematician, and deserves a mark; while the unfortunate "fella" who had answered at the rate of 333 in a thousand in Sanscrit is a dunce, and deserves only a cipher. Assuredly, the mathematical "coaches" in our universities, who know much better, must heartily enjoy the idea, and laugh at the simplicity of the Commissioners. At the late examination there were on the papers at least ten mathematical questions which any ordinary pass-man, who does not live in perpetual dread of a pluck, could have easily crammed up and answered; and yet it would be ridiculous to consider that such a test had furnished a proof of mathematical ability. Yet for these ten questions he would have scored 100 marks or so, with the result of his being placed by them on a level with the real Sanscrit scholar who had answered 225 out of a maximum of 375, or 60 per cent. So ridiculous as a test is the whole thing, that common sense rebels against it.

As a consequence of this mistaken notion of the importance of this branch of knowledge we find in the late examination that its ranks formerly deserted are now crowded. Every candidate who can brush up a little elementary Euclid, Algebra, or Mechanics, goes in for Mathematics, and is rarely disappointed of his reward. Not a single mark is lopped off; nothing can be lost, and whatever is answered, be it only the tenth part of finding the centre of a circle, is positive gain; and who can tell what the value of that single mark might be in a tie? But, alas! for the other subjects—German, Italian, Sanscrit, and Arabic, in particular—which, as might have been foreseen, are at a discount among the candidates, and might as well be no part of the examination. The candidates in German last year were 93, this year they have come down to 53. In Sanscrit the descent is from 120 to 36; and Arabic, never very abundant in the field, shows a fall from 26 to 8. Whether the exclusion of these subjects be one of the ends aimed at by the Commissioners as desirable for the good of the India Service, is a question we shall not enter on; but, as long as they remain on the roll of subjects we must protest against an answering of thirty-three per cent., in any one of them, being condemned as mere superficial knowledge.

But, though last not least, we come now to one of the most extraordinary of the many curious results of the late examination. Such of our readers as have cast their eyes over the "Table of Marks" must have shared with us the feelings of mute astonishment with which we beheld the long array of ciphers which follow one another in rapid succession under the head of "English Composition." It seems incredible, but the fact is recorded in black and white, that 164 out of the 254 candidates of 1866 were awarded *cipher* in the written composition of their own language; and eleven of these ciphers are on the list of successful candidates. Can this be a true picture of the state of English education in English schools? If it is, a stigma is cast on the educational institutions of the country which it will not be easy to wipe out. One of three alternatives we must choose. Either our English school education is radically bad, or the candidates are very inferior to those of former years, or the Examiner has been over-severe in awarding his marks. The last, we fear, is the only conclusion to which a comparison of the marks in Composition for this and the past year can lead us. It is impossible not to believe that a very large number of the candidates of this year competed also in the examination of 1865. If so, it is certain, judging from the marks, that their compositions were better then than on the late occasion; for the total number of ciphers given for composition in 1865 were 27, and of these but one is found affixed to the name of a successful candidate. How, then, has it happened that an examination in English composition which in 1865 gave out of 300 candidates only 27 ciphers, has in the present year made a descent *per saltum* to 164 ciphers out of 254 candidates? This is a grave question; we shall not attempt to answer it, but must say we fear there is something rotten in the system of Examination.

WHITSUNTIDE CLUB-WALKINGS AND CLUB-FEASTS.

WHITSUNTIDE falls so early this year that the "Whitsun bosses"—as the country people call the clustering snow-ball blooms of the guelder-rose—are scarcely ready to greet the festival. But, although these white favours will be absent, and although the ungenial May weather has checked the lavish gift of the May-blossoms, yet the Whitsuntide season is not flowerless, and the songs of nightingales thrill the hyacinth-carpeted

groves. In some villages the churches on Whitsunday, according to immemorial custom, are decked with the wild flowers and budding twigs of delicate green that mark the transition of spring to summer; and, here and there, as at Heybridge, Essex, rushes are strewn in the church aisles; and, at Glenfield, near Leicester, there is a field left for the express purpose that its grass should be mown and the hay strewn in the aisles of the parish church on Whitsunday.

The Pentecostal *agapai*, or love-feasts, of the early Christians caused Whit-Sunday to be regarded as pre-eminently the feast-Sunday, and Whitsuntide as the appropriate season for the village festival. In the Conqueror's day it was celebrated with varied sports and tournaments, which were partly superseded, in Edward the First's reign, by the introduction of the Miracle Plays or Mysteries, which, in that bookless age of non-readers, were of service in making the common people more acquainted than they otherwise might have been with the leading events in sacred history. Grotesque, if not profane, as these religious dramas may appear to our nineteenth-century notions, they were both useful and popular up to the time of the Reformation, when they, in their turn, gave place to the Morris-dancers and the Whitsun-ales. The latter were the "holy ales" of which Shakespeare speaks in "Pericles"—ale, in that day, being an important element in every festival, from these Whitsun-ales to the wedding-feasts or bride-ales, a word still preserved to us in its clipt form of bridal. The Whitsun-ale was provided by the church-wardens, and sold either in the church itself or in the church-porch, or church-yard, and relief was given to the poor with the proceeds of the sale, so that, in a certain way, it served the purpose of the modern poor's-rate. Provisions were also cooked and distributed in an appointed house, called "the church-house," and there was a free indulgence in dancing and merriment. The Puritans endeavoured to suppress the abuses to which the custom had given rise, but failed to check the growing license of the sports, which survived for many years, although they had rapidly degenerated to drunken brawls and riotous revels. At length, the Whitsun-ales decayed from their own rottenness, and were supplanted by the modern village-festival and club-walking. But even this method of observing the Pentecostal holiday is limited to certain districts and to country villages, where, however, it appears to retain a hold that is, as yet, too tenacious to relinquish its grasp of the old custom—a custom in which, as our rapid glance has shown us, we are taken from the modern Friendly Society, through the mediæval Whitsun-ales and Miracle Plays, to the Love Feasts of the primitive Christians.

Let us here briefly describe, from our own personal knowledge, a "club-walking" and "club-feast," such as is to be seen in many an English village on Whit-Monday. Of course, the club is "a sick club," as it is commonly called; that is, it is a benefit society that makes a special provision for its members in their time of sickness, and also for their decent funeral when dead. It is called by some such name as "the Good Samaritan Lodge," and it possesses a banner, brought forth on state occasions, in which the leading incident of the parable is vividly painted. This banner heads the procession when "the club walks" to church on Whit-Monday morning; and it is carried by two of its members in such a way that it stretches its width over the road. The banner is followed by a still greater attraction—a real band of music, whose performers, though limited in point of numbers, are unlimited in their command of wind and noise. They are very far from having attained perfection in their art, and their leader is not unlike the one mentioned by "Paul Pry" Poole, who kept a note in advance of the rest merely to show that he *was* the leader; but, inasmuch as they strongly evidence the power of sound, and the drummer liberally thumps his parchment at every note of the air, and they play popular and inspiring melodies, they wondrously excite the rural population, both old and young, to whom a band of music is a rare treat. Behind the demonstrative drummer walks the president, or "father of the club," as he is called, followed by his adopted children, the members of the club, who walk two-and-two, carrying wands tipped with gay ribbons and flowers, and garnished, as to their coat button-holes, with similar evidences of festal bravery. Quitting the village inn, where the dinner is to be held, the club walks round the "town" in procession; and then, as the hour for Divine service draws near, marches up to the church. There, on the steps, under the old lichen-hued lych-gate, is the parish clerk, wand in hand, and a bow of ribbons in his button-hole; and with him are some of the smock-frocked patriarchs of the place, who are too infirm and rheumatic to join the club-walking, but wait at the church-gate to fall in the ranks. All the babies of the villagers, either from choice or necessity, are brought there by their mothers and elder sisters to see the

sight; and the village children swarm on all the "coigns of vantage,"—on the wall of the churchyard, the tombstones, and the shattered cross, and on the horse-block, which still keeps its place in some sequestered spots, and which speaks of the old-fashioned days when the farmer and his wife, and even the squire and his lady, were wont to ride to church on pillions and dismount at the church-gate. The six bells in the old grey tower ring out as the procession draws near, heralded by its own music.

"And now abroad, gay, posied banners fly,
Followed by peaceful troops and boys that run
To see their sires go marching solemnly,
Shouldering their wands; and youths, with ribbons won
From fresh, fair hands that yielded them with pride,
And proudly worn this merry Whitsuntide."

The bearers of the Good Samaritan banner lower it under the lych-gate, and lay its silken tapestry against the church tower over the entrance porch. The band file off to the side of the road, and change the quick measure of their popular air to the soberer strain of "God save the Queen" or "the Old Hundredth." The clerk receives the father of the club, and the members follow in their wake and pass by twos into the church, like Noah and his family entering into the ark. Then comes the service and the hearty congregational singing, and the rector's kindly sermon on brotherly love, temperance, and charity.

The service over, all return in procession to the inn, headed by the banner and the band. Then, after a brief pause to sharpen the appetite, comes the crowning event of the day—the club-feast. The rector takes the chair, supported on either side by the surgeon and the father of the club. The table is laden with steaming joints of roast and boiled, with beefsteak pies, heaped vegetables, loaves of bread, and cans and jugs of beer. If everything is rough, it is also ready; if the fare is plain, it is also wholesome and substantial; and the very sight and aroma of the dishes is almost as good as a meal. When the members have struggled to their places, the father of the club sharply raps the table with a knife and calls out, "You bin all to stan' up! T'rector 'll ask a blessin'!" All rise and stand silent while the rector says grace. Then they sit down pleased and expectant, as the rector heads the storming party—which is no forlorn hope, however—and gives the signal of attack by plunging his carving-knife into the huge steaming joint of beef before him. The other joints down the table are also set upon by willing hands, and speedily cut up and distributed in massy platefuls that would only ruin the appetites of some dainty folks, but which seem to be merely gastronomic incentives to poor Hodge, who rarely sets eyes on a cooked joint, on which he has an unlimited run, and to which he returns for "jest another platefull, Master Brown, if ye please," with a pertinacity that is slow to confess defeat, exhaustion, or repletion. Yet, it must come at last; and, sooner or later, there must be an end even to a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding. Once again all stand up while the rector says grace. Then, the mugs of beer are freshly filled, as the rector rises to propose the toast of "the Queen," and tells them how good and worthy a woman her Majesty is in all the relations of life, and what a blessing it is to a country to be ruled over by such a sovereign. Then the band, which is stationed at the lower end of the room, plays the national anthem, in an ear-splitting style that is most acceptable to the club, and to which the rector listens resignedly, well knowing, from annual experience, that he will carry home a wretched headache from out of the fumes and noises of the low, crowded room. Then, according to custom, long clay pipes are introduced, lighted, and vigorously puffed; and the secretary reads the annual statement and presents the rector with a half-sovereign for his sermon, but, as the reverend gentleman is expected to return it as a donation to the club, he is none the richer for the gift. Next, the rector proposes the health of the father of the club, who returns thanks by saying that as he is no speaker he will sing them a song, which he does, and it is almost as long and ancient as "Chevy Chase," but it is supplied with a chorus, and is, therefore, well received. Then the father of the club asks them to drink the health of their surgeon, who responds, and deeply regrets that an important professional engagement had prevented him from attending the church, and hearing the very excellent sermon which he understood had been delivered to them by their worthy rector, whose esteemed health he begs to propose. This brings the rector to his legs again, to say a word of thanks; and being upon his legs, and, by that time, half-stifled with the smoke, he takes the opportunity to quit the chair and the room, followed by the surgeon, who is unavoidably prevented by another professional engagement from

staying longer with the members of the club, who are, thereupon, left to themselves to finish the evening after their own fashion, and to bring to an end their Whitsuntide club-feast.

CRIMEAN JEWISH REMAINS.—No. II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Having fully disclaimed, in my previous communication, every pretension to explain away the difficulties started by the very remarkable objection of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, I now proceed, subject to all and anticipating much correction, to indicate the solution which, if ever this matter is cleared up, will, in my opinion, prove to be the true one:—

1. That the fair Jews are the Judæan and only Jews.
2. That the dark, or European Jews, are the descendants of the Babylonians.
3. That the fair Jews of Hungary are the descendants of the original Judæan Jews "carried away captive" into Babylon, and subsequently dispersed, in common with their captors, on the occasion of the eventful "exile," whenever or whatever it was, which is counted from on the Crimean tombs.

Now, Sir, primarily, why I take the European Jew to be a Babylonian is this: that even to this day, in build, stature, feature, but above all profile, he is the living image of the Assyrian of the bulls, slabs, and walls of Nineveh and Babylon. Secondly, because nothing can be more certain than that the "Jew," that is, his ancestors, were largely scattered, for several centuries previous to the Christian era, over Asia Minor, and Southern and Central Europe. Now, that a speck of a principality, such as Judæa, ever could have suffered the depletion of such a drain on its population as this prevalence would imply, yet recover the privation, appears to me to be most highly improbable, even waiving the already raised difficulties on the score of type. Thirdly, by reason of the indisputable affinity of the Hebrew with the Assyrian character; which will, I am satisfied, one day be ascertained to be the same, differing only with differing antiquity. And here I may observe, that if the Hebrew was common to the two families of Jews, the natural inference then is, that the language of the more numerous or powerful had been imposed on the fewer or feebler; that is, in the event of these latter having been originally possessed of a different tongue. This, Sir, you will perceive, would give the Hebrew to the European dark Jew, already tied in, physically, through the Assyrian slabs, with the ancient Babylonian. And here, in passing, I cannot but express a hope that Sir Gardner Wilkinson may be prevailed upon, if in his power, to inform the world in about what proportion do the fair Jews of the East stand to the dark ones, as well there as in the West. It might serve to correct, or modify, so much of these necessarily crude conclusions, as to throw some little light upon the general matter.

But, Sir, that the Hebrew, or rather its root, was not common to the two families, at any rate so late as the first centuries of our era, if, indeed, it ever was, I think that there is very strong reason to suspect. And for this cause; that we shall see, by the bowls to be presently referred to, that the Hebrew character had then attained, in Babylonia, to something of its actual definiteness; whilst, from the Samaritan Pentateuch, we find almost another language existing in Samaria, yet, according to our Gospels, vernacular also in Judæa, when their writers lived. Nor is this the only evidence that the Samaritan (the same, we are told, or nearly so, with the Phœnician), and not the Hebrew, was the language of Palestine. For, from so early as 140 years before, to so late as 130 after Christ, it is the Samaritan which is found to be inscribed upon the Judæan coin. My own impression is, that during the ascendancy of the Nebuchadnezzars and Belshazzars, a cognate dialect prevailed, more or less generally, over almost the whole face of the Assyrian empire; that after the "exile," the language of the exiles, as of the remnant left in Babylonia proper, and with whom they seem to have remained in constant relation, gradually and eventually culminated into Biblical Hebrew towards the second or third century of our era; that the original Phœnician of Samaria and Judæa, the two most outlying fiefs of the empire, never once, either before or after its downfall, ceased to be peculiar to them—and, finally, that all the intermediate region must have been represented by a variety, or varieties, of the Assyria-Phœnician.

How, Sir, is it possible that the European Jew can be any other than the descendant of the ancient Babylonian? "A discovery," says Colonel Rawlinson, "relating to the Jews of the captivity of Babylon, and consequently of great interest to Oriental scholars, and especially to Biblical students, was made by Mr. Layard during his second expedition to Assyria. Amongst the various curious objects found on the banks of the Euphrates and in the ruins of ancient Babylonia were several bowls, or cups of terracotta, round the inner surface of which were inscriptions in the ancient Chaldean language, written in characters wholly unknown, and, I believe, never before seen in Europe. The letters appear to be an admixture of the Syrian and Palmyrene, and in some instances resemble the ancient Phœnician. The subjects of these inscriptions are amulets or charms against evil spirits, diseases, and every kind of misfortune. They must have been written long prior to any existing manuscript of the ancient Hebrew and Chaldean languages that we now know of. . . . But the most remarkable circumstance connected with these inscriptions is, that the characters used on the bowl marked No. 1 answer precisely to the description given of the most ancient Hebrew letters in the Babylonian Talmud, which contains an account of the nature and origin of the letters used by the Jews. In the tract called *Sanhedrin*, we are told that the Jews called their characters *Assyrian*, . . . and that they were brought with them from Assyria. . . . The orthography of these inscriptions is very defective, and sometimes pure Hebrew sentences are found mixed with the Chaldee, especially in No. 5; and the words 'Hallelujah' and 'Selah' occur in nearly every one of

them. All this tends to confirm the opinion that the writers were Jews." Referring to them, "little doubt can, I think," says Mr. Layard, "exist as to their Jewish origin; and such being the case, there is no reason to question their having belonged to the descendants of the Jews, who were carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon and the surrounding cities. These strangers appear to have clung, with a tenacity peculiar to their race, to the land of their exile." Mr. Ellis remarks: "The letters are certainly the most ancient known specimens of the Chaldean, and appear to have been invented for the purpose of writing the cuneiform character in a more cursive and expeditious manner." In support of this conjecture, he cites the language of the Assyrian inscriptions as closely resembling that of the bowls. The dates ascribed to the latter range from the second century before, to the fifth after, Christ.

Now, conceding this transitional Hebrew element to be pervading these inscriptions, let us just quietly revolve the character of inference which it is sought to draw from the admission. Is not the conclusion arrived at by these gentlemen pretty much as if, some three thousand years hence, Lord Macaulay's "New Zealander," moralizing amid the ruins of our metropolitan and suburban graveyards, were thus to reason with himself:—"Most certainly, these are the bones of the descendants of Frenchmen; history and tradition are of accord that some forty or fifty thousand of these people lived by their various craft in this once mighty city." If Babylon was a capital of the extent which is generally supposed, is it not, to say the least of it, singular that the articles in question should have been picked from the floors of the posterity of the "Jews of the captivity," and not from those of the descendants of the original inhabitants of the place? Why, may it not be asked, are the earlier relics in ivory, bronze, glass, &c., to be the handiwork of Babylonians; and the later, in terracotta, to be the manufacture of other than their posterity? Were the Jews likely to be the only captives in such a locality, or the only offenders of such a monarch as that of Babylon? Were not the Jews, at most and at best, but a handful; their Judea, a scarcely perceptible item in the grand conglomeration of states, together forming the Assyrian empire? Are there not traces of three or four other characters admitted to be forthcoming, equally with the Hebrew, and exactly as one would expect, on these bowls? If the work of captives' descendants they are to be, then let them be severally ascribed as the preponderance of each root would justify; and let that, if any, which seems to form a common basis, be the Assyrian of the age.

Yet a few observations, and I shall close; and they are these:—

1st. If the European Jew is once conceded to be, as I cannot but take to be the case, a Babylonian by descent; and if the Syrian of the East can equally, by one clue or another, be tracked up to the same original; then will two difficulties have to be cleared up. One of them, How came the European Babylonian to be by so much the more conspicuous and tenacious possessor of the sacred writings, as believer in the Abrahamic promises? Another, Were the Syrians "Jews," or what, by religion, previous to their conversion to their present faith?

2nd. That apparently, in the first century, the European Babylonian "exiles" had lost all authentic tradition of themselves, and recollection of the land of their nativity; else could they hardly, if indeed, they really did, take themselves to be "Jews" of a Judean "captivity" or "exile."

3rd. If the European Babylonians are Jews by religion only; and the Judean Jews are "Jews" as well by nationality as by religion; whilst the Syrian Babylonians neither are Jews by descent, nor, possibly, ever were, even by religion; then, to my mind, nothing can be clearer, than that the term Jew, or Jewish, was originally the name of a sect. It may be of Judean origin, generally prevailing in the East, at earliest, towards the first century of our actual era.

ALEX. VANCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—F. L., the subject had been already noticed.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

An important document has been published within the last few days, being the report of the Syndicate appointed in the beginning of the Term to consider the annual payments towards the University funds made by members of the University, with special reference, as was understood, to the library income. Some opposition was raised against the appointment of this Syndicate, partly on the ground that a recommendation of the Library Syndicate was before the Council which should have been otherwise met, and partly because the members nominated by the Council were supposed to be not favourably inclined towards increased support for the Library. Their report is to the following effect:—At present, all members of the University whose names are on the boards pay six shillings a year to the library, £2,495. 6s. 6d. in all; members of the University above the degree of B.A. pay another six shillings annually to the University chest for general University expenses, £1,584. 19s. 6d. in all; and members whose names are not on the register of the University pay a variable sum annually, which has been constant, however, at two shillings and eightpence a year for the last ten years, towards the expenses incurred under the Cambridge Improvement Acts, this contribution amounting now to £1,113. 6s. a year. In place of these several sums, the Syndicate recommends that all persons whose names are on the boards shall pay a uniform capitation tax of seventeen

shillings a year to the University chest, which shall then undertake the improvement expenses and allot the remaining surplus according to the needs of the library, &c. The total of the three annual contributions specified above is nearly £5,200, and the proposed capitation tax will raise nearly £7,200 with our present numbers, making thus a gain of all but £2,000 a year. Of this gain the library is to have a good share. Its income is at present burdened with an annual charge of £900 towards a building-fund, and of this it is proposed to relieve it by assigning £1,000 of the contemplated annual gain to a general building fund, which shall undertake the library as well as other buildings. And, besides, instead of the present fluctuating contribution from the members of the University, amounting in 1865 to £2,495. 6s. 6d., the Syndicate suggests that £2,500 shall be paid annually from the replenished chest, making a magnificent addition to the Library funds of £4. 13s. 6d. a year. The various museums of Physical, Mechanical, and Natural Sciences are to be made independent by an annual subsidy of £1,500 for their maintenance from the surplus income to accrue to the University, instead of coming upon the Building Fund for current expenses. The average charge for the maintenance of the museums on their old and limited scale seems to have been £409. 10s. per annum; but then they were a disgrace to the University, and some large additional expenditure has besides become absolutely necessary in consequence of the erection of new and spacious museums and lecture-rooms. It will be seen, on referring to the above statement of the sources from which the income for various purposes has so far been drawn, that of the proposed addition some will fall more heavily upon members of the Senate, and the rest upon persons *in statu pupillari*. This is a better arrangement for the Colleges than the plan recommended by the Library Syndicate, which was, that the Library-tax should be raised from six to ten shillings a head, whereby the Colleges would have been called upon to pay large sums annually for their compounding M.A.'s. The greater share of the burden, as now proposed, will fall upon those members of the University who, in the nature of things, cannot have compounded, so that their extra payments must be made by themselves, since their Colleges have not made themselves responsible, as in the case of compounders.

All that is dreadfully statistical, but it is sufficiently important to demand to be put on record, as it marks the commencement—supposing it to be carried—of a new era. Probably a short generation hence, our successors will wish that these eleven cautious Syndics, who guard themselves with so many "seems" and "almosts," and are so fully alive to the necessity of protecting the colleges by abstaining from recommendations which would come heavily upon them through their compounders, had suggested eighteen instead of seventeen shillings a year; but they probably felt that seventeen shillings was as high as they dare put it with any good chance of carrying their improvement. As far as we can see now, the annual yield of money should be sufficient for the purposes at present before us, and if future generations develop other needs, it will be for them to provide the necessary means. It should have been stated that recourse to the simplest plan of preventing the colleges from suffering by reason of the liabilities they have assumed in connection with the compounders, is precluded by the tenor of the University Statutes. It would be said on the face of it, that it was only necessary to give the suggested grace for additional payment prospective force alone, so that it should not apply to past compounders. But it has been clearly ascertained that such a grace would be illegal, and that any additional tax must come equally upon all members of the University.

There was a discussion a few days ago, in the presence of a very small number of members of the Senate, about the proposed subsidy to a teacher of Rabbinical and Talmudic literature. We possess a Regius Professor who could certainly do all the public Hebrew work necessary in his department. There are besides more than one or two able private instructors in Hebrew, who at present supply all the detailed needs of the University, and under their auspices, and with the additional stimulus of Hebrew scholarships and a recently-founded annual prize, a considerable school of Hebrew is in active operation. It is under these circumstances that the Council proposes to appoint Dr. Schiller-Szinessy teacher of Rabbinical and Talmudic literature, with a stipend of £30 a year. The amount is insignificant, but the principle is very important, to some minds all the more important, because the learned doctor is not as yet a Christian. The fact of his religion, however, is a detail. It is said that there has not hitherto been a demand for instruction in the specified branches of Oriental study, and it is argued that if such a demand

should arise, the present private and public instructors, who are members of the University and Christians, could very satisfactorily meet it. To appoint a stranger and a Jew seems to be rather a slur upon the resident instructors, and the documentary evidence of such a course having been adopted in past ages of the University is not a strong argument, unless it can at the same time be made out that when Jews were appointed and paid, there were gremial Christians ready and anxious to respond to any demands made upon them. Unfortunately, the Council had omitted to lay before the University any testimonials of Dr. Schiller-Szinessy's competence as a teacher, and thereby exposed themselves to attack; but that will be remedied before the grace comes on, and meanwhile no one doubts that the person they have chosen is an abundantly learned man. One of his supporters made a neat point in his favour, observing that, Jew or not, he was more orthodox than some of us, for he had actually written a book in defence of the Pentateuch. If he is really wanted, we ought to secure him, and some men well informed in the matter say very positively that he is wanted.

But what with Library and Talmudic affairs, the allotted columns are being fast exhausted, and yet no mention of the great annual event of the May term, the boat-races. Year after year the races come back with all their early freshness. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, there has been this year the usual bustle and crowd at the Grassy corner, enormously increased since the memory of man, and much more than the usual difficulty in getting traps to take one there. The narrow winding lanes which succeed to the broad Newmarket road are a sore trial to the embryo Jehus who venture themselves in pony carriages among the crowd of larger vehicles, and court destruction under many horses' legs. Hired horses in Cambridge, as a rule, are thrown into a course of life which sadly demoralises them, and their rebellions against order and propriety, when any excitement is going on, are numerous and persistent, so that the road as one goes, and the soft field by the river side when one has got there, present some curious spectacles in the way of difference of opinion between man and beast. Then comes the quieter period, when the carriage has been drawn up in an advantageous position, the horses removed, and the inmates wait patiently for the appearance of the last boat on its way down to its starting-post, followed by the next above it, and so on in reversed order, until the first boats on the river come in sight, and call forth many speculations on their form and prospects. Then a magnetic stir passes through all the crowd as the first gun fires at a distance, and after three minutes the second, and after one more minute the third and last, and they are off. The crowd of men on the bank opposite Grassy can see them first as they glide swiftly round First-post-corner, and by the yelling it may be known that the second boat is pressing the first hard. Horses will not stand the row, and dismiss their riders; ladies climb on to the box seats of carriages; the world roars and sways, and cheers, and tries to see something, and at last the first boat comes on in face of the crowd, its crew evidently at their utmost stretch, and in a state which shows that the enemy is pressing on behind. In fact, the prow of First Trinity is even with the stern of Third Trinity, the head of the river; two strokes more, and it draws still further on; three or four more, and the coxswain of Third flings up his hand, and the head of the river succumbs at the very feet of the fortunate spectators at Grassy. Such a thing does not often fall to the lot of those whose attendance at the races is confined to that one limited piece of the course, for the best boats usually live longer, and only give in towards the Plough corner or in the long reach. Friday was also a good night for the holiday spectators, on account of the fine race between Trinity Hall and St. John's, or rather between Hall and John's in University parlance, the latter all but overlapped by their rivals all the way round Grassy, and yet eventually succeeding in getting away, partly owing to a vicious crab caught in the scarlet boat. The wonderful power of the First Trinity boat has surprised every one, and it well deserves its place at the head of the river, though a plot had been meditated against it by some of the renowned oars who might have rowed in the Third Trinity boat, but have not done so. The feeling of men in general was strongly in favour of Third after the brave way in which they rowed head over the course on the first night of the races with ever so many holes through their ship's bottom, caused by their coxswain having put his foot in it, and no doubt the change of ship necessitated by this accident may have rather unsettled them on the night when they were bumped. Among the other boats there has been a large abundance of bumps, as one or two of them have been much better than their place.

A time-honoured arrangement—to change the subject sud-

denly—is to be altered by grace on Thursday. The Moderators are no longer to read out the list of mathematical honours at nine o'clock, but at eight on the morning of the last Friday in January. The reason of this is that it is found necessary to have some examinations for University scholarships in the Senate House at nine o'clock on that day, so the list is to be out an hour earlier to clear the way for the scholarship candidates. The mathematical list is always signed by the examiners the night before, so that there is no reason against the new arrangement, and it will facilitate the transmission of intelligence by the early post.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XX.—IRISH CATHEDRALS NEGLECTED—RENOVATIONS—PRIMATE BERESFORD—CATHEDRAL OF ST. CANICE—A PUNY ATTEMPT AT CHORAL SERVICE—RUINOUS STATE OF THE BUILDING—NEGLECTED MONUMENTS—KILKENNY CASTLE—THE DUKES OF ORMONDE—PARLIAMENTS HELD IN KILKENNY—RESTORATION OF THE CATHEDRAL—ITS BEAUTY AND MAGNIFICENCE—WHAT WILL THE PROTESTANTS DO WITH IT?—ROMAN CATHOLIC REVIVAL—"J. R. L."—BISHOP DOYLE AS A CHURCH REFORMER—GROSS SECULARITY OF PRIESTS AND PARSONS IN THOSE DAYS—FILTHY VESTMENTS TORN UP AND BURNED BY THE BISHOP—PARISHES WITHOUT CONFIRMATION FOR TWENTY YEARS—STUPENDOUS EFFORTS OF DR. DOYLE IN RESTORING DISCIPLINE AMONG THE PRIESTS—THE SPIRITUAL RETREAT—HIS POLITICAL EXERTIONS—HIS NEW CATHEDRAL AT CARLOW—HIS MONUMENT.

IF, reasoning from analogy, and expecting edifices and arrangements worthy of the professions and pretensions of a great, wealthy, and religious community, we find at its head-quarters nothing of this kind, but what is neglected, ruinous, poor, and mean, the feeling of disappointment at the incongruity must be painful and mortifying in the extreme. It is difficult to imagine that the chief members of a hierarchy, splendidly endowed by the State, can be sincerely devoted to their Church as a spiritual institution, designed to instruct and elevate the people, and to give them worthy conceptions of the Divine Majesty, if the principal buildings consecrated to His worship are allowed to remain from generation to generation in a state of decay—if they suffer the very sanctuary to be surrounded by rubbish, and the most beautiful and costly works of art, bequeathed by the public spirit and liberality of a former age, to be defaced, mutilated, trampled under foot, and buried out of sight under accumulated filth. If such things were permitted to exist in the metropolis of a country, the culpability would be greatest, and the presumption of the want of genuine religious feeling and zeal in the rulers of the Church most damaging. But great blame must attach to any bishop even in the smallest diocese who is content to officiate from year to year in a cathedral where everything around him is sordid; where deformity and dirt are the prevailing characteristics of the place. If we were to leave religious feeling out of the case altogether, the wonder is that, as a mere matter of taste and self-respect, a number of educated gentlemen like the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter of a diocese could sleep in peace, or face the public with complacency, where this state of things existed. Yet such has been the state of things almost from the Reformation to the present time in many of the cathedrals of the Established Church in Ireland. Some of them were dilapidated and almost ruined during the civil wars; but in whatever state Protestantism found them, in that same state, with few exceptions, it has left them to our own time; while not a single new cathedral worthy of the name has been erected in any part of the country for 300 years. The only two cases of complete restoration which have occurred are due to the munificence of individuals, one of them the late Lord Primate, and the other a layman, Mr. Guinness. But although the Primate was liberal, it must be admitted that what he spent on his cathedral was a very small sum compared with the enormous revenue he had received from the Church as a bishop during half a century, not to speak of the other members of the Beresford family, who had long enjoyed some of its wealthiest bishoprics; nor should the fact be concealed that the layman's contribution to the work of cathedral restoration has been fivefold more than the contribution of the prelate. The late Primate, however, surpassed all his brethren

on the bench in munificence, and he deserves great credit for having set an example which is now being followed by several bishops, whose laudable exertions we shall have to notice as we proceed.

The cathedral of St. Canice, at Kilkenny, was originally a splendid building, scarcely inferior in magnitude, completeness, and ornamentation, to St. Patrick's in Dublin. I have a faint recollection of having attended public worship in that building many years ago, when divine service was conducted in the chancel, which was walled in in the most tasteless manner, the marble pillars being covered with whitewash, and the whole aspect of the place indicating that ugliness, deformity, and shabbiness had been specially cultivated by the Dean and Chapter. All the rest of the grand old temple, which has stood upon that hill for seven centuries, succeeding another edifice which had stood for five centuries, was abandoned to the genius of decay. I paid Kilkenny a visit recently in the prosecution of this inquiry. Not being aware that the cathedral was closed, and that the process of restoration had at last commenced, I ascended the sacred mount by a flight of time-worn steps, which led into a narrow lane by which it is surrounded, with a high wall, excluding the view, and presenting the appearance of a fortification. Advancing to the right the visitor sees an old wooden bridge, forming a passage from the bishop's palace to the cathedral. This passage has been discontinued, and his lordship now ventures to enter by a door on a level with the road. The enclosure around the cathedral is an immense graveyard covered with monuments, many of them full of historic interest. The cathedral being shut during the renovation, the service was performed in the schoolhouse adjoining. This building accommodates from 120 to 150 persons, which was about the number of the congregation present, including children. It is fitted up as a place of worship, with a communion table at the end, and a pulpit and reading-desk placed one at each side in the usual way. Near the door, to the right, were two or three gentlemen and seven boys, who constituted the cathedral choir. They had no surplices, nor any sort of distinctive dress, and for an organ there was a little harmonium, at which the performer sat as if at a small piano in a drawing-room. It was the most puny and miserable attempt at choral service I had ever witnessed; and it was certainly very disappointing after reading in the Irish Church Directory about its dean, its precentor, its precentor's vicar, its dean's vicar, its vicars choral, and its numerous prebendaries. The least that one should expect from the dignitaries of a cathedral is, that they should keep up a well instructed and efficient choir. If this be wanting, and if the service be conducted by them just as it is in rural parish churches, where a few persons volunteer to sing, instead of the parish clerk *solus*, people will naturally inquire what is the use of a cathedral. The bishop took part in the service, occupying a chair at the communion table. A bishop in lawn sleeves in such a rude and diminutive "pro-cathedral," gives one the idea of a chief judge sitting in his robes on the bench at petty sessions.

As it was Sunday, I got access to the cathedral with some difficulty, through the kindness of the intelligent foreman of the works, Mr. Monahan. Considerable progress has been made in the restoration. A new roof has been put on, and the walls with their ornamental crosses have been restored with excellent taste, and in the strictest harmony with the original style of the building. The whole of the interior has been cleared out, and the magnificent proportions of the old cathedral have been fully revealed. The people who had worshipped in it for generations could have had but a faint conception of what those proportions were. Lofty arches, of exquisite workmanship, were built up and completely hid. A beautiful chapel and other appendages were overwhelmed and concealed in ruins. The marble pillars, as well as the walls, were covered with half-a-dozen successive coats of whitewash; numerous marble monuments of bishops, abbots, earls, and other historic personages, were buried under rubbish, or lying neglected, like boulders cropping out in a field, no one seeming to heed those costly works of art, so interesting to the antiquarian and the historian. That the monuments of "Popish saints and bishops" should have been thus contemptuously disregarded by Cromwellian Protestants may be accounted for; but what seems inexplicable is, that the monuments of the noble house of Ormonde should have been thus treated from age to age. Kilkenny Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Ormonde, the present head of the Butler family—the greatest in Ireland except the Geraldines—is worth visiting, as an existing model of the grand old feudal castles of the Anglo-Norman barons in the middle ages—proudly overlooking the city which grew up under its shadow, and by the strength of its gates, walls, and

towers, bidding defiance to all assailants. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nore, commanding the most charming views of the surrounding country, and of the most picturesque portions of the city. An old writer on Ireland thus describes the scene:—"The subjacent town appears as if it had been built merely to be looked at. Not Eton's spires, not Cooper's classic hill, not Clifden's gay alcove, or Gloucester's gayer lodge, can furnish such a lavish variety to the landscape painter as those Hibernian scenes. There nature has painted with her most correct pencil; here she has dashed with a more careless hand. This is the fanciful and fiery sketch of a great master; that the touched and finished work of a studious composer." We may judge of what the owner of this castle was in the days of its glory by the titles given to him when he was attainted in 1715:—"The most high, puissant, and noble Prince, James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, Earl of Brecknock, and Baron of Lanthong and Moore Park in England; Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ormonde; Earl of Ossory and Carrick; Viscount Thurles, and Baron of Dingle and Arklow in Ireland; Baron of Dingwall in Scotland; hereditary Lord of the Regalities and Governor of the County Palatine of Tipperary, and of the city, town, and county of Kilkenny; hereditary Lord Chief Butler of Ireland; Lord High Constable of England; Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle; Lord Lieutenant of the County of Somerset; Lord Lieutenant and Custus Rotulorum of the County of Norfolk; High Steward of the cities of Exeter, Bristol, and Westminster; Chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin; Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and of the 1st Regiment of Horse Guards; Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's Forces by Sea and Land throughout the British Dominions or acting in conjunction with the Allied Powers; one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council in England and Ireland; Knight Companion of the most noble Order of the Garter; and Lord-Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland."

The revenue from his estates, which were then forfeited, was estimated at £80,000 a year. Carte states that the losses of the first duke by the troubles in Ireland in 1641 amounted to £868,500 beyond all official profits, and every description of remuneration afterwards received. This was the grandfather of the attainted duke, who joined the Pretender in France, and died in comparative poverty at Avignon. In 1791, John Butler, of Garryricken, was restored to the earldom of Ormonde by the Irish House of Lords. In 1816 his successor, Walter, was created marquis. Further steps were obtained in 1820 and 1825, and in 1838 the second marquis by the new patent succeeded to the dignities and estates.

Kilkenny played a very prominent part in the history of the warfare between the English Pale and the nation. A great Council of English barons was held there in 1294. In 1309 the Colonial Parliament assembled there, and passed the most severe laws against the adoption of Irish customs, which were enforced by anathemas fulminated from the cathedral by the Archbishop of Cashel; and at various other times English Parliaments were held in the city; one of the most cruel of the anti-social enactments of those times being distinguished as "the Statute of Kilkenny." In 1641 the city was seized by Lord Mount Garret, and it became the head-quarters of the Catholic Confederation. James I. erected the town into a borough and a free city, with a county of its own, to be called the county of the city of Kilkenny. Charles I., in 1639, granted to the mayor and citizens the monasteries of the Black and Gray Friars, with several rectories, and other possessions. It seems strange, therefore, that with such a history this cathedral, which contained its principal monuments, should be allowed to fall into decay—the more strange as we read of several attempts made to restore it. Bishop Ledred, in the early part of the fourteenth century, rebuilt the cathedral, and placed in it a window of stained glass, so beautiful that Rinuncini, the Pope's Nuncio, offered £700 for it in 1645. Bishop Hackett, in 1460, made some additions to the building, and so did several other Roman Catholic prelates. A Protestant bishop, Griffith Williams, in 1641, spent £1,700 in restoring and beautifying this cathedral. It was also embellished, towards the end of the seventeenth century, by Bishop Otway, who gave to it a service of communion plate weighing 363 ounces. The length of the building is 226 feet, the breadth along the transepts 123 feet.

When the restoration is complete, it will answer to the following description:—The interior lofty, the nave separated from the aisles by a range of five clustered columns on each side, composed of the black Kilkenny marble, with lofty and gracefully moulded arches, lighted by a large west window of beautiful design, and a range of five clerestory windows, the

aisles having four windows on each side. The choir has a beautifully groined ceiling, embellished with delicate tracery, and numerous modillions, with a central group of cherubs, festoons and foliage of exquisite richness. At the end of the south transept is the consistory court on one side, and the chapter house on the other. On the eastern side of the north transept stood the beautiful chapel of St. Mary, which had been converted into a parish church. Altogether it will be, when finished, a magnificent edifice, of which any city might be proud if regarded merely as an ornament; but in the present age it is difficult to exclude the idea of utility in connection with the most beautiful and costly architecture—an idea which was fully realized in the ages called barbarous, when those great churches were erected. In the centuries which intervened between the Conquest and the Reformation, there was an obvious fitness in a cathedral like this, for no building of less magnitude could have accommodated the multitude of worshippers, especially on festive occasions, when all the people were of one faith. But now it may be fairly asked what will the Protestants of Kilkenny do with this vast building? Hitherto it afforded accommodation for 280 persons; henceforth it will be able to accommodate twenty times that number. Now, the total number of the members of the Established Church, of all ages, in the city of Kilkenny is 1,242; while the total Roman Catholic population is 12,669. Little more than 700 or 800 Episcopalians can be counted upon to attend public worship, and for their accommodation there are two parish churches besides St. Canice's. St. Mary's, an interesting church, kept in excellent order, and distinguished as the place in which the Rev. Peter Roe officiated for many years, and left behind him a name still gratefully remembered, is the one which is resorted to by the gentry and most of the respectable inhabitants; and without the cathedral there is ample church accommodation for all the Protestants in the city. But if the whole of them were to attend the cathedral they would be comparatively lost in that vast cold edifice, and in order to be at all comfortable they must shut themselves up in the chancel, or in the Virgin's Chapel, leaving the nave as a sort of museum for the exhibition of ancient monuments. The truth is, that without a multitude of worshippers, a numerous hierarchy, and a pompous liturgy, there seems to be no rational purpose that a large cathedral can answer. These things are all on the side of the Church of Rome, for which the Irish cathedrals were originally built, and, despairing of getting them back, she has been building very beautiful and very costly ones for herself, of which not the least remarkable is the new cathedral of Kilkenny, with a magnificent tower that casts old St. Canice's into the shade.

Some account may properly be introduced here of the revival which has taken place in the Roman Catholic Church during the last thirty or forty years, because we are reminded of it by the connection of the late Bishop Doyle with one of these united dioceses. The celebrated signature J. K. L. represents the words "James, Kildare and Leighlin," those two dioceses being united in the Roman Catholic Church, while Leighlin and Ferns were united in the Established Church. Dr. Doyle was the ablest Roman Catholic divine of his day; he had a singularly honest mind, and was a man always actuated by strong convictions of duty; he was, therefore, not less earnest as a Church reformer in his own communion than he was zealous as a champion of the "Catholic cause" identified in his view with the cause of the Irish nation. In the valuable work on his life and times by Mr. Fitzpatrick,* there are no chapters more interesting than those which record the strenuous and indefatigable efforts of this eminent prelate to restore discipline and to introduce decency and dignity in the mode of conducting public worship in the diocese committed to his charge. It appears that it had been the custom to appoint very aged men to the episcopal office in the Irish Roman Catholic Church, and that owing to their infirmities and consequent inactivity great laxity of discipline prevailed among the priests. Many of the parish priests speculated in farming, and made money by it; others attended races, and not a few hunted. "They ejaculated 'Tally-ho' as often as 'Dominus vobiscum.'" Their solemn black cloth and long clerical boots formed an unpleasant contrast to the gay scarlet coats and white tops of their lay companions." Dr. Doyle, who was a very young bishop, resolved to put a stop to all such irregularities. He prohibited his clergy from attending places of public amusement. A priest must never appear on a race-course, unless it happened to be in his own parish. He also insisted that they should give up farming except on a very

small scale. It appears that in every respect the priesthood were greatly secularized throughout the United Kingdom in their dress as well as in their habits. In England they almost all wore brown, and we are informed by the Rev. Dr. Hussenbeth, that the Rev. Joseph Berrington was the first to appear in a black coat, and he was blamed for needlessly exposing the clergy to insult and persecution. No splendid ceremonial was as yet adopted in Catholic chapels. At the first attempt to get up benediction at Oscott, they could procure no better incense than a little resin, which Weedall, being sacristan, scraped out of some broken knife handles in the kitchen. He adds, "Little can Catholics who live in these days conceive the state of things when we could hardly walk abroad without insult, when we said mass chiefly in garret chapels, and were occasionally hooted, and had stones thrown after us, as it has happened even to the present writer." That state of things had passed away in Ireland when Dr. Doyle became a bishop, and, instead of the spirit of persecution, a friendly and neighbourly feeling had grown up between the priests and the Protestant gentry, and in many cases between them and the Protestant clergy. The parson and the priest often hunted together, dined together, drank together, and played cards together, and they were about equally negligent in respect to their official duties, which they performed when unavoidable, in the most perfunctory and slovenly manner. There was particularly a disgraceful want of cleanliness in the places of worship, which was the more inexcusable on the part of the priests from their belief in the sacrifice of the mass. Of such abuses Dr. Doyle was a stern reformer. Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us, that wherever he could lay his hand upon them he tore them up root and branch. He felt that the words addressed to the prophet were addressed emphatically to him: "Behold this day I have set thee to root up and to pull down, and to destroy and to build and to plant." If, after rebuking a priest for culpable carelessness, Dr. Doyle again found the vestments or altar clothes soiled or shabby, he tore them into ribbons, and the Mass-book not unfrequently met the same fate. "On his first visitation to a remote parish of Kildare he was disgusted to find the sacerdotal vestments soiled and threadbare, and deposited in a turf basket. Dr. Doyle admonished the priest, but without effect, for on the next visitation matters appeared precisely in the same posture. Tearing the chasuble in two pieces, he told the priest that, if unable to purchase a new one, which he greatly doubted, at least to make up the price in halfpence and pence among his flock. The old pastor's habits were irrevocably formed, and he remained so utterly deaf to the young prelate's wishes, that, instead of doing what had been prescribed, he got an old woman to reunite the pieces of the chasuble, and in this condition he used it until his death, which occurred soon after. The manner in which Dr. Doyle dealt with objectionable vestments on all subsequent occasions prevented the possibility of their again coming into use. He not unfrequently consigned them to the flames of the sacristy fire." On another occasion, when he found all his admonitions and menaces totally disregarded, he came out of the sacristy and thus addressed the congregation:—"I regret there cannot be mass to-day. I have repeatedly impressed on your pastor the necessity and duty of providing himself with vestments befitting the dignity of the holy sacrifice. He has not only neglected to do so, but he has thought fit to omit to call on you for that trifling aid which would have at once obtained the amount needed;" saying which he destroyed the vestments which had so long been a cause of general disedification.*

It was not through poverty that the parish priests appeared in such shabby vestments on the altar. Dr. Doyle, during his examination before a committee of the House of Lords, stated that he had required a return of the amount of their incomes, and he found that there were three who had £500 a year each, fourteen who had from £200 to £300, and, in the remaining parishes, the sums varied from £100 to £200. It is not unlikely that the amounts were understated, or that some important items were omitted; for one of those very priests whose vestments the bishop had torn in pieces left the sum of £8,000 to the Carlow College at his death in 1843. The utter neglect of duty on the part of the priesthood forty years ago is strikingly exhibited in the case of Portarlinton, one of the best towns in the county of Kildare, and then containing a population of 9,000 Roman Catholics. Yet for nearly twenty years there had been no confirmation in that parish. When visited by Dr. Doyle for the purpose of administering that sacrament, there were few present to receive it under sixty years of age. "Good God!" exclaimed the bishop, "can these persons stand in need of confirmation?" On a subsequent occasion he

* The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle. By William J. Fitzpatrick, J.P. Dublin: James Duffy & Co.

* Fitzpatrick, Vol. I., p. 277-8.

Portarlinton is in County Kildare

returned to confirm the young people, and the multitude was so great that the chapel could not contain them, and Lord Portarlington threw open Emo Park for their accommodation, and on that day 1,300 persons were confirmed. Mr. Fitzpatrick says that this scene may be regarded "as a random sample of what widely took place elsewhere." The bishop himself, writing long afterwards, to a clerical friend, about his labours at this time, said,—"James, you know what I suffered in mind. My brain was bursting with the myriad dictates of duty which crowded into it."

The most powerful means which Dr. Doyle used for the revival of religion among his priests was the "Spiritual Retreat," which consisted of protracted meetings for spiritual exercises, in which he led their devotions, and laboured to rouse them to a sense of their responsibility by soul-stirring exhortations. The Rev. Mr. Delaney describes a scene of this kind which he witnessed in 1820, when, at the invitation of this youthful bishop, 1,000 priests, and nearly every prelate in Ireland, assembled at Carlow. He conducted the retreat unaided, and preached three times every day for a week. "These sermons," says Mr. Delaney, "were of an extraordinarily impressive character. We never heard anything to equal them before or since. The duties of the ecclesiastical state were never so eloquently or so effectively expounded. His frequent application and exposition of the most intricate texts of Scripture delighted us: we thought he was inspired. I saw the venerable Archbishop Troy weep like a child, and raise his hands in thanksgiving. At the conclusion of the retreat he wept again, and kissed his coadjutor with more than a brother's affection." "More than forty years have elapsed," observes another priest, "but my recollection of all that Dr. Doyle said and did on that occasion is fresh and vivid. He laboured like a giant, and with the zeal of an apostle. There he stood, like some commanding archangel, raising and depressing the thousand hearts which hung fondly on his words. I can never forget that tall, majestic figure pointing the way to heaven, with an arm that seemed as if it could have wielded thunderbolts; nor the lofty serenity of countenance so eloquent of reproach one minute, so radiant of hope the next. It seemed as if by an act of his will a torrent of grace miraculously descended from Heaven, and by the same mediating agency was dispensed around. It was a glorious spectacle in its aspect and results. The fruit was of no ephemeral growth or continuance, but celestially enduring. To this day I profit by a recollection of that salutary retreat." "For the ten days that the retreat lasted," observes the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, "Dr. Doyle knew no rest. His soul was on fire in the sacred cause. He was determined to reform widely. His falcon eye sparkled with zeal; the powers of his intellect were applied to the work with telling effect. At the close of one of his most passionate exhortations he knelt down on a priedieu immediately before me. The vigorous workings of his mind, and the intense earnestness of purpose within, affected even the outward man,—big drops of perspiration stood upon his neck, and his rochet was almost saturated."*

While thus urging forward the work of ecclesiastical reform with such vehement zeal, he was the most active of all the Roman Catholic prelates in his exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and in the same year he received from Sir Henry Parnell (afterwards Lord Congleton) the following letter:—

"MY LORD,—Having closed my election with so triumphant a majority, I lose no time in returning your lordship my warmest thanks for the very powerful support you gave, by expressing so warmly and so decidedly your opinions to your clergy. I shall never forget the services which they have rendered, by resisting with such promptness, unanimity, and effect, the outcry which was raised against me on account of the new election law."

It was not likely that such a bishop as Dr. Doyle would be contented with the old style of buildings which were then used as places of worship. He strove to get new chapels erected throughout the parishes of his dioceses, and in some cases where the parish priests were reluctant or dilatory he tore the thatch off the roof with his own hands; and he soon set an example to all the other bishops by erecting a beautiful cathedral in Carlow. Writing to his brother, the Rev. Peter Doyle, he said that he had settled his plan of building; adding, "That is the only monument in stone I intend to leave after me." He has left a more enduring monument in his noble character, and in the masterly works he wrote in defence of the rights and liberties of his country.

* Fitzpatrick, Vol. i., p. 120.

FINE ARTS.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

THE interest in the pictures will, we fear, generally be found to fall off after the second visit; there is no picture which dominates the whole exhibition and attracts one to it as elevating the thoughts and rousing the admiration for art as a source of expression after those which we have already noticed. Perhaps, however, we ought to except Mr. O'Neil's "Last Moments of Raffaele," which takes a place in the principal room for the first time of any works contributed by the painter. It deserved this small honour as a mark of Academical esteem for the artist who had been chosen, though it were for the time only, to teach in the chair of Leslie. But this work has real merit of its own, and this, it is encouraging to say, is of a higher order than any work of Mr. O'Neil's that we can remember. His "Death of Mozart," exhibited about twenty years ago (such is the probation time of associates of the Academy), was a similar picture, and treated with much the same sentimental tenderness, not to say touching prettiness; it stood as the Raphael of music sighing out his young spirit as he looked upon his devoted wife in their poor chamber, from the open window of which was seen the spire of Salzburg and the lovely country. In this last scene of the immortal painter's career there is no woman by his side, though perhaps a loving heart was breaking in some chamber near, whom that stern Cardinal Bibbiena, who watches the dying painter, had ordered to quit the house. He had no sympathy for that sort of thing, and Raphael's face turned from him to gaze upon the evening sky and the purple hill of the Janiculum with Tasso's resting-place; the St. Onofrio, lit with the last ray of light, seems to say that he felt this. His thoughts are wandering, and certainly not to Maria Bibbiena, the Cardinal's niece, and whom, if she had not died before him, it was clear he never would have consented to marry to please fifty Cardinals and gain even a red hat himself. The painter appears to have intended to suggest some such thoughts of lingering love and sadness in the face of Raphael, and there is an expression in the head that gives it a sentiment not altogether in accordance with the idea we form of the dying moments of great minds. The attitude of Raphael corresponds to this somewhat expected sentiment of the romantic school, and the figure is altogether weaker in conception than those of the Cardinal, and of Marc Antonio the engraver, Gianfrancesco Penni, and Giovanni da Udine, who stand at the head of the couch, and especially of Giulio Romano, his favourite pupil, who clasps the cold arm of Raphael with affectionate interest. The accessories of the picture are somewhat cramped, though true enough in the showing of a corner. "The Transfiguration," upon which he had been painting when he was seized with illness, and the table with the gold and silver candlesticks, chalices, and monstrance for the last offices of the Church, with the two monks at hand, might have been made to give more space to the apartment, and thus avoided that set look of a composition precisely arranged according to rule which the picture has. In the style of this picture we recognise a finer feeling than in any work of Mr. O'Neil's, and it was painted with great mastery and rapidity in more than three months, and while the painter was fresh from Rome and his studies in the house called Raphael's in the Via dei Coronari, where he lived, but where it seems quite decided that he did not die, but in the palazzo which Bramante built for him and which was pulled down.

Mr. Phillip's "Chat round the brasero" cannot be mentioned among the elevating works of the Academicians; *au contraire*, it is in sentiment as broad as it is sensuous in art. A brawny middle-aged padre, the depository of all the histories and scandals of the family and the neighbourhood, is engaging in his *double entendres* with the duenna and the two bouncing idle Spanish beauties displaying their pretty feet at the warm brazier, who are bursting with laughter at the unctuous churchman's reminiscences of Boccaccio. As an example of the perfection of *technica* of its kind it is wonderfully rich and brilliant, while the touch of character in every figure is given with a mastery perfect and sure in its aim, though the mark be not high. This, however, is the kind of art that tells, and we might not be disposed to quarrel with it were it not that the bad example is followed by so many, till at last we shall have a whole school of these materialistic painters of what is "called life and character," without a grain of ideal or intellectual beauty to divide amongst them. Mr. Horsley, R.A., has already deposited, as his diploma-picture, a pretty trifle, and entered upon his future career of little dandy children "going to a party," plush gentlemen-footmen "waiting for an answer;" Mr. Fard, R.A., does much the same; and we shall probably have to regret next year that the Academy have elected Mr. Erskine Nicol, the painter of by far the best picture in the Exhibition in the line of humorous character-subjects, "Paying the rent" (335). This is a picture immensely beyond the neat-handed Wilkie, and even Mulready himself, a greater technist, never approached the glowing humour and intense dramatic spirit of these Irish lawyers and stewards, with their victims the bogtrotters, in their huge freize coats, haggling, and grumbling, and whining over the rent. Mr. Nicol may now fairly assume some new part after playing these grotesque Irish peasants so well, or sell off his stock of those wonderful great coats we have seen so often in his pictures.

Mr. Hook, R.A., has, like so many, allowed himself to fall so completely into his clever mannerism of painting appearances only, and this in a very gaudy, brazen kind of way, repeating the same

people, with the same boats and seashores, and under the same flat skies, that we despair of ever seeing anything of his earlier art, when he had some feeling and respect for æsthetic beauty. His pictures now have nothing in them but the taste for objective beauty which now so completely rules our painters. Mr. Poole, R.A., has this year shown some disposition to return to the historical study of his earlier time, in his picture of Imogen in the cave of Belarius, but the figure of Imogen only displays a feebleness and commonplace conception of this one of Shakespeare's singular embodiments of beauty. The other three figures, though each the counterpart of the other in form, are drawn with more force, but still the whole work is terribly beneath the ideal one forms from the poet's words. In a more direct study from nature (70), "Going to the Spring—a Country Girl," Mr. Poole is stronger in his work, though incomplete in his view of open-air painting. We have not done yet with the Academicians and their small conceits: there is Mr. Frith, with his "Widow Wadman lays Siege to my Uncle Toby" (73), a work ridiculously poor and vapid in its pretence at Sterne's delightful figures; indeed, it is simply a pretty woman in black looking into the bush wig of a stout gentleman, whose nose is pressed hard into a wall with a map on it. How can we excuse a painter for not showing the face of the principal character, unless it was that he meant to confess his inability to paint it? Next we have Mr. Ward's "Amy Robsart and Leicester at Cumnor Hall" (64), another of Leslie's subjects, who could paint them without having recourse to the barber for his physiognomy or the upholsterer for his accessories. Mr. Ward has given us a stage-like couple, arrayed in all the gorgeous panoply of Baron Nathan, the false-hearted courtier posed in a state chair, much as we see in the legitimate drama, according to the Olympic or the Haymarket demands, backed by a perfect blaze of crimson damask curtains, with the pretty, confiding Amy Robsart at his feet, seated on the lower step of the sort of demi-throne on which the artist has placed the object of his fond worship. Mr. Ward is far too perfect a master of his resources to place before us anything artistically objectionable; all is decorous, dignified, pleasing, probable, the incident clearly told, but without a spark of interest and sympathy; we come from the picture as we do from admiring a couple of love-birds, without a thought of the lovely girl's devotion to a false-hearted noble, except for the quotation from "Kenilworth." However, the technical qualities of the picture are perfect, the satins softer and more brilliant than Terburg, and the jewels only inferior to Van Eyck, if these are points for a leading painter to consider.

Mr. J. F. Lewis, R.A., owes his reputation entirely to the amazing skill with which he can paint the minutest details of Eastern figures and scenes; his view of art is precisely analogous to that of the other Academicians referred to; he can paint everything he can see, and exactly as it is to be seen, even sunlight coming through a Turkish latticed window, and striking out the opal tints upon the pigeons' wings as they pick up the grains on the floor, or sleeping, stupid young Turks and their dreaming schoolmaster—but in all this the aim is limited to "still life" painting of a superior order. His diploma picture, which, if it have any meaning, should be a first-rate specimen or trial-work of a painter (113), "The Door of a Café at Cairo," is entirely unworthy of his pencil, and we must suppose that the artist, being a full Academician, has gone the way of his fellows.

Mr. Dobson's (A.R.A.), "The Finding in the Temple" (273), is a version of a subject that has been rendered in many different modes by almost all the painters of serious subjects, but would really be scarcely worthy of attention were it not that it illustrates the round of feeble work—the "twaddle" of painting—into which the Academy has sunk. The picture is made up of certain figures, intended, of course, for the proper personages; the scene depicted, the young Jesus, the mother and Joseph, with the Jewish "doctors," but in these it is the painter's set models, which he has been placing before us for years—now as German children, now as swarthy Arabs, then as English, and always in some odd, incongruous disguise of the studio properties. Great men, it is true, have done this before, and won renown by it; but little men cannot be tolerated in their clumsy adaptations. Mr. Dobson appears to have imagined that the naturalistic treatment of these great subjects was one that might be assumed without the absurd trouble of going to Jerusalem to paint, as Mr. Holman Hunt did when he ventured upon the same subject, or without anything beyond painting some appropriate models in certain primitive forms of dress in the shape of skins, and the Temple—which may be anything, as nobody knows what it was like exactly—with a few palm trees, and an indication of the Eastern landscape. Now, the truth is, this is a task infinitely more arduous than the orthodox Academic high-art style, and we see this in the great fresco of Mr. Herbert, which is conceived in the naturalistic style, and but too narrowly escapes the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. But Herbert and Holman Hunt went to live in the East and learn there those types and forms and appearances which remain, and can only be painted by an artist who has thought deeply over them. To attempt any middle ground between the two styles is simply preposterous; we get neither the *vraisemblance* of the one nor the noble ideal of the other. We may gather some hope for the Academy in the works of Mr. Calderon, A.R.A., and Mr. Yeames, upon whom the choice of the forty has fallen, and who, while congratulating him, we may hope will never contribute a picture below the mark of his "Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." There is great originality as well as power of expression in this picture, and this with

a regard for natural and appropriate treatment that is particularly acceptable. The story is well told by the downcast look of the Court, all in deep mourning for the event, and the stern sorrow of the Queen as she turns aside her face, and disdains a look even for the gaily-dressed French ambassador, La Mothe Fénelon, who, with his attendants, bows profoundly from the end of the room opposite the chair of state, and forms a striking group in the foreground of the picture. So excellent is the composition for a subject of this kind, and so much ability for characteristic painting of the heads and costumes is displayed throughout, that we could wish the artist had made this the study only for a large historical work. There are many on the walls of the Houses of Parliament which we should be glad to see give place to this picture and this subject, which is one far better worth perpetuating in the material memory than most of the incidents at present filling the historic places. Happily, Mr. Yeames is young, and those frescoes are already hastening to decay.

Mr. Calderon has painted, with every adornment of colour and agreeable arrangement, the subject of a little child Princess, passing in full state,—it might be Anne of Brittany,—attended by courtly ladies, bearing her gilded train, and gentlemen full of their airs and graces, while this little creature toddles along the tapestried corridor, amid this splendour, as gravely as if she already suspected the hollowness of it all. This is a large work, and shows the ability of the painter to advantage, although to dramatic or historical interest it makes but small pretensions; these are points to which such facile accomplishments should now be directed. Mr. Calderon's other pictures of the noble women of the Basque Pyrenees, or their allied blood, the races of Poitiers, have more of natural study in them, though the subject of these handsome housewives washing in the stream of the Clain on their knees we regard as more amusing and pretty than one on which seriously to employ talents of the higher order.

Mr. Marks has painted much more humorous pictures than his "Notary," 565, or "My Lady's Page in Disgrace," and humour is his strong point. Mr. Leslie makes a very decided advance in his "Clarissa:" a landscape of a garden and old brick mansion, painted in charming evening tone, with "Clarissa," Harlowe we might add, walking as she reads her letter by the fishpond, over which skims the swallow, and the water-lilies spread their leaves like idle hands of nymphs upon the water. Mr. Burgess has a clever picture of a pedlar selling fans and trinkets at a Spanish fair, full of good work and overflowing with character, but not equal to his "Bravo Toro" of last year.

HAVING alluded to Mr. Holman Hunt's picture painted several years ago, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," we may mention that this very remarkable work is just now exhibited again for a short time, in the upper room at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, and amply deserves a visit from all admirers of earnest and thoughtful work and originality. Another interesting work shown with it is the beautiful etching of the picture which has recently been completed by the engraver, Mr. Blanchard, and which promises to become an admirable reproduction of the original when it has received all the effects of colour and light and shade which the engraver can confer.

It will also interest our readers to know that Mr. Holman Hunt is about to start for the Holy Land once more, to make another long art-pilgrimage, this time in company with a fellow-traveller ever near and dear to cheer him in his art. We only express the good wishes and hopeful sympathy of all when we wish them a happy issue and safe return.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND THE CIVIL LIST: A SUGGESTION.—The very general appreciation in every order of English society of the high qualities and the artistic skill of Mr. George Cruikshank, finds expression in the good wishes for the success of the Cruikshank testimonial which may be heard upon so many tongues. Nothing yet has been said of the part the country should bear in doing honour to him, apart from the subscription that is now being raised. It would not be easy, however, to point to any living author or artist on whom a pension from the Civil List could more worthily and gracefully be bestowed; and while contributions to the testimonial increase largely in their number and amount, we trust that the Government will so recognize the genius and services of the veteran caricaturist that the very humblest taxpayer may have the satisfaction of giving his mite. —*South London Chronicle*.

MUSIC.

SIGNOR MONGINI has scarcely maintained the favourable impression which he made on his first appearance in the "Trovatore." In that stilted musical melodrama, his robust style and hard energy were rather aids than hindrances to the effect. In his second essay, however, as Raoul in the "Huguenots," the want of courtly grace and ease in personal bearing, and occasional shortcomings in vocal finish, rendered his performance far from perfect, although containing many points of considerable merit. In the romance in the first act, a too ambitious display of his high chest notes reminded us of Herr Wachtel's injudiciously lavish use of similar exceptional gifts. Signor Mongini has a voice of splendid quality and unusual range, but as yet nature has been more bountiful to him than art. In the great duet with Valentine he occasionally

displayed great dramatic power and genuine earnestness of feeling; but these qualities were not sustained throughout; the climax, which should be wrought up to a point of almost frenzied passion, having been rendered almost tame by the comparative subsidence of Signor Mongini's demonstrativeness. So far as we can at present judge, this artist appears calculated to succeed best in such operas as those of Verdi, in which the chief requisites are a voice of enduring power and high compass, and energy rather than refinement of style. The Valentine of Madame Titiens was, of course, the principal feature in the performance; next to which must be placed the Nevers of Mr. Santley, who is always efficient and satisfactory in whatever he undertakes. Herr Rokitansky, the Marcel, has a powerful deep bass voice, but his style is hard and somewhat forced. Mdle. Sinico, as the Queen, appears to less advantage than in any of her other impersonations. The exquisitely graceful music of the part, so thoroughly courtly and French in style, can scarcely be given in its possible perfection save by a singer of that nation. Mdle. Sinico is an excellent artist, possessing much Italian volubility and German earnestness; but French piquancy is a quality inalienable from that nationality. At the same house (Her Majesty's Theatre) Mdle. Ilma de Murska was to make her first appearance this season on Thursday night as Amina in "La Sonnambula."

At the Royal Italian Opera, "L'Africaine" has been given with two changes in the cast, which involve a large improvement on the performances of last season. Signor Naudin, the original Vasco in Paris, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as Inez, are both alterations for the better. Mdle. Adelina Patti and Signor Ronconi appeared on Tuesday in two of their best impersonations—Rosina and Figaro in "Il Barbiere." Both opera houses are now in full career, the attractions at each being great and varied.

The only approach to novelty in the following programme of the fifth concert of the elder Philharmonic Society, was the vocal selections from Hummel and Donizetti:—

PART I.	
Symphony, Letter R.....	Haydn.
Scena and Aria, Mr. Santley ("Mathilde de Guise").....	Hummel.
Concerto in D minor, violin, Herr Auer.....	Spohr.
Cavatina, Madame Harriers-Wippert ("Eury-anthe").....	Weber.
Overture ("Midsummer Night's Dream").....	Mendelssohn.

PART II.	
Symphony in F (No. 8).....	Beethoven.
Aria, Madame Harriers-Wippert ("Il Flauto Magico").....	Mozart.
Fantasia on La Sonnambula, Contrabasso, Mr. Alexander Rowland.....	Rowland.
Romance, Mr. Santley ("Don Sebastiano").....	Donizetti.
Overture ("Ruler of the Spirits").....	Weber.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

Hummel had little of the requisites for a dramatic composer: graceful and refined in style, a thorough master of form and proportion, and skilled in all the details of his art, he yet could not so identify his genius with the expression of varied passion and emotion, as to give that truthful and impressive colouring without which stage music must fail in its effect. His scena, evidently the work of a master, admirably written, and admirably sung, yet left but little impression. The same, in still greater degree, was the result with the extract from Donizetti's last and most ambitious opera, which, however, is not, like Hummel's, the work of a consummate master. Of this, however, we may say more should the opera be produced, as promised, at the Royal Italian Opera. Neither of Madame Harriers-Wippert's arias is suited for dislocation from the stage; taken away from the situation to which they belong, they are ineffective. The performance of Spohr's beautiful concerto was well worthy of the work. Herr Auer has excellent qualities of tone and execution. Perhaps a little less of the *glissando* would be an improvement. Too much of this form of expression is apt to impart a sickly tone. Mr. Rowland's solo was a skilful piece of executive display on a cumbrous instrument ill-suited to such feats. The piece which he performed, however—a few pretty tunes loosely strung together, clumsily scored—was in every way undeserving of admission into the programme of such a concert. The orchestral playing of this society fluctuates strangely. At the fourth concert it was unusually good, but the same cannot be said of the performance of Monday last, when the stringed instruments (to which almost exclusively we refer) were extremely coarse, especially in the Symphony of Haydn, where delicacy of touch is particularly required.

Among recent concerts may be mentioned that of Mdle. Ubrich and Herr Labor. Of the lady we have recently spoken as a clever singer. The gentleman (who is pianist to the King of Hanover) is an excellent performer, whose deprivation of sight is no hindrance to certainty of execution. His extensive memory embraces a wide range of classical music, the difficulties of which he executes with great command of the key-board, and the various styles of which he interprets with the discrimination of an intelligent artist.

THE CIVIL SERVICE MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The member of this society, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is patron, gave their second concert on Thursday, the 11th inst., at St. James's Hall, and with unequivocal success. A glance at the programme would probably suggest to many the idea that for amateurs too much had been

attempted, but any one present on the occasion, and who entertained such an idea, must have been agreeably disappointed. Without exception, the various *morceaux* given, both vocal and instrumental, were well rendered, some of them indeed with an excellence we have seldom heard equalled. Hatton's exquisite part-song, "When evening's twilight," notably was given by the semi-choir with great taste and correctness, and its performance elicited a burst of applause as enthusiastic as it was deserved. The stringed instruments were remarkably good. Their execution of Haydn's Symphony No. XI. (Military) was admirable; and they also gave two overtures, Anber's "Zanetta" and Mozart's "Figaro," in capital style. The *pièce de résistance* of the choir was Mendelssohn's cantata, "Sons of Art," with the composer's original accompaniment for fourteen brass instruments, for the first time in London." This was well done and thoroughly appreciated, but we should certainly hesitate to recommend its being tried thus accompanied in any hall smaller than the St. James's. The sensation of the evening, perhaps, was the tenor solo of Mr. Bentham, who is regarded as one of the first amateur tenors in London. The song selected by this gentleman was Donizetti's "Spirto gentil," and his execution of it was a great success, creating an immediate and irresistible demand for an encore. To Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the conductor, and Mr. John Foster, the director of the choir, great credit is due for the wonders they have worked with the society, which is as yet quite in its infancy. The house was filled with a brilliant audience. The next concert of the society will be held at St. James's Hall, on Friday, the 15th of June.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Theatrical Licenses Committee met again on Friday, May 11, and examined five witnesses—Mr. Simpson, Mr. Green, Mr. Poole, Mr. Stirling Coyne, and Mr. Francis. Mr. Simpson is a "booth manager," or what in former times used to be called a travelling showman, and he complained very much of the uncertain way in which the licensing system is administered. In some towns he was allowed to pitch his tent without opposition, and even with the patronage of the local magistrates; in other towns he was hounded out like a dangerous vagrant. Mr. Green, the proprietor of "Evans' Singing Rooms" in Covent Garden, claimed for what he called the caterers for public amusement, the position of great educators of the people. He held that places where men and women assemble to hear music and singing must necessarily lead to an increase of immorality; but he forgot to tell the Committee that concert-rooms like Evans's, where men only were allowed to compose the audience, were the only places where indecent songs had been demanded and supplied. Mr. Poole, the manager of the Metropolitan Music Hall, stated that any act conferring a power on music halls to perform stage-plays with a company limited to six persons would be useless to all the halls, except those small ones which are more public-houses than theatres. Mr. Stirling Coyne followed, and expressed himself in favour of more theatres, and repeated the "degradation of the drama" argument. The last person examined was Mr. Francis, the secretary of the Beaumont Literary Institution, a building at Mile-end, with a stage, and an auditorium capable of seating 1,500 persons. Mr. Francis appeared to want the dramatic performances given at this institution protected by a license, but to dread the creation of any more theatres in his particular neighbourhood.

SCIENCE.

THE subject of local anaesthesia, to which we some time since directed attention, has been carefully pursued by Dr. B. W. Richardson, and with much success. Operations of the most severe kind have been performed on parts narcotized by his process, without the least sensation of pain on the part of the patient. In this method the patient retains his consciousness completely, but the part to be operated on is deprived of sensation. A new agent for the purposes of local anaesthesia was suggested by M. Delcominète to the Surgical Society of Paris at a late meeting. It is bisulphide of carbon. It produces refrigeration in less than a minute, and more completely than ether. The great objection to the suggested fluid is its smell, which is abominable. M. Delcominète, however, has described a process by which much of this smell may be removed.

Herr Wolf has just completed the first volume of his splendid treatise on the Spots of the Sun (*über die Sonnenflecken*). In this he has entered upon the subject in a most comprehensive manner, for he has dealt with all the spots which have yet been recorded. He has endeavoured to establish the periods of 11½, 55½, and 166 years, all three of which correspond, as to the frequency of solar spots, with the period of magnetic disturbance of the Aurora Borealis. The period of 11½ is just the same as the decennial period of Schwabe, which Herr Wolf has rectified and increased, for two and a half centuries. It would, he says, be hardly possible to fix definitely in our times the period of 166 years, inasmuch as the series of necessary observations is not yet extensive enough. But the period of 55½ years, which he discovered and published in 1860-1, is essentially the result of the author's inquiries. Herr Wolf makes these statements distinctly, because there has been too much credit lately attributed to M. Faye, and because, in a recent essay before the French Academy, M. Renou takes all the credit of discovering a secular period of the Auroræ.

If swindlers were more familiar with science, frauds of a serious nature would indeed be frequent. Fancy, for example, a bill at three months' date, written in ink which completely disappeared in as many weeks! Such a thing is not impossible. But a more possible fraud has been shown to the French Academy at one of its late sittings by a distinguished *savant*. M. Frenny exhibited a diamond weighing about four grammes, which, under its ordinary condition, is slightly tinted yellow; but which, when submitted to a high temperature, assumes a rose tint, which it possesses for several days, only gradually being restored to its original hue. The diamond, which, at the time of exhibition, had the rose colour, was kept in the cabinet of the Institut until the next meeting, when its original yellowish tint was restored. Now, the price of an ordinary diamond of the weight we have mentioned would be about 60,000 francs; but, with the delicate rose tint, it would be worth three times as much!

M. Guimand has written a new essay upon the cholera epidemic at Marseilles in 1865. It will be in the memory of our readers, for whom last year we translated one of M. Guimand's communications to the Academy, that this *savant* tried to prove that the cholera was first introduced into France by Algerian pilgrims. In his present memoir he fully corroborates his former assertions; and proves, beyond the faintest possibility of doubt, that there was not a case of cholera in Marseilles till after the arrival of a vessel bearing infected pilgrims from Alexandria. Touching this subject of cholera, we may observe that the *Times* has been awakened to a sense of its imprudence in pooch-pooching the fears of those who dreaded the invasion of the epidemic. When the first case appeared, Jupiter gave a leader upon it, and, in his usual forcible but unscrupulous manner, tried to prove that the present cholera is intrinsically unlike any former epidemic, and that it could not possibly make an inroad into England. Now, however, he passes to another tune, and asks why stringent and adequate quarantine arrangements are not carried out. Why, indeed? Has Jupiter no sense of shame?

Herr Wagner's recently-published and curious researches upon the reproduction of the *Cecidomyæ*, in which it was shown that the larvæ of insects may directly be reproduced by a species of budding, have led to some controversy among European naturalists. Indeed, the investigations referred to may be regarded as some of the most important in respect to the results that have been made during the present century, for they in some measure bear out M. de Quatrefage's views on what is erroneously styled *Parthenogenesis*, and corroborate the doctrine laid down by Professor Huxley in his memoir on the reproduction of the *Aphis*. Of course, we allude only to the facts elicited by Herr Wagner's researches, and not to his method of viewing or explaining them. Our present motive in directing attention to them is because of a paper which has been presented to the Royal Academy of St. Petersburg by Von Baër. In this, the author combats several existing theories without throwing much light upon the obscure question of *genea-genesis*, and proposes a new term *pedogenesis* for all those processes by which an immature creature, such as a larva, reproduces offspring.

At a late meeting of the Philomathic Society of Paris, a very important paper on a supplementary foot in the Phalangier, a flying (?) mammal, was read by M. Alix. The paper contains an infinitude of anatomical details concerning the relations of the bones and muscles of the foot and leg, but is too technical for an abstract in these pages.

MM. Maumené and Rogelet have completed and published a paper on the chemical constitution of mutton suet, in which they demonstrate that this fat is of a more interesting character than chemists generally are prepared to admit. They look upon it as the most complex of all organic compounds, since they have found in it no less than twenty-nine distinct bodies, none of which have any relation to compounds with which chemists are yet familiar.

Irish geologists of some note have from time to time shown a tendency to class the so-called Devonian rocks of Ireland among the Carboniferous strata. This view seemed in some measure borne out by the fact that, in the Red Sandstone beds of the County Wexford, Calamites and small seams of coal may be found, and that, in the Yellow Sandstone of Knocktopher (County Kilkenny), several magnificent species of ferns (some of them six feet high), in excellent preservation, have been found. Professor J. Beete-Jukes, of the Museum of Irish Industry, has always strenuously opposed the theory, and therefore it has not made much way. But now we think there is good reason for regarding it, since we learn, from a letter in a scientific contemporary, that Professor Harkness, of Queen's College, Cork, having lately visited Devon, has just returned, "convinced that the Devon rocks are all sub-Carboniferous." Does Professor Harkness, or Mr. Salter, who makes the statement, mean that the Devon rocks are an inferior group of the Carboniferous system, or is his expression intended to imply their distinction from the Silurian?

The mode of formation of the float of *Ianthina* has been discovered by M. Lacaze-Duthiers. The float consists of air-bubbles which the creature imprisons by throwing off a mucous secretion from the anterior extremity of its foot. The animal cannot swim without the float which it thus artificially constructs.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS. — Monday: — Mathematical Society, at 7½ p.m. 1. "On the Formula for the Multiplication of four Theta Functions," by Prof. H. J. S. Smith. 2. "On the Properties of a

certain Reciprocal Function," by Dr. C. M. Ingleby. — Tuesday: — Zoological Society of London. "On a new species of Berycioid Fishes from Madeira," by Mr. J. Y. Johnson; with other papers. — Wednesday: — Society of Arts, at 8 p.m. "On Granite Working," by Mr. G. W. Union. — Friday: — Quekett Microscopical Club, at University College, at 8.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE TIME FOR INVESTMENTS.

THE panic of last week, though it displayed all the features of sudden and unlooked-for misfortune, did not certainly take by surprise men who understood the principles of sound finance, and had witnessed how rapidly and widely some of our most extensive operations have strayed from those principles. Any of our readers who will take the trouble to look back to what has been written in the LONDON REVIEW upon this subject for the last two years will find how distinctly we foresaw to what result the new system of finance was leading, and how often and plainly we have warned our readers against putting any faith in it. In our number of the 27th of August, 1864, we strongly insisted on the fact that the public were beginning to lose sight of the distinction between "financial" and "commercial" bills of exchange. We wrote,—"In these modern days some are disposed to make light of this distinction, and there is an attempt just now to break it down and introduce new ideas upon the subject; and those who are making the effort are by no means powerless for evil." We explained that while this or that particular financial bill might be a perfectly good security, on account of the position of the parties to it, yet that the case would be very different when such bills were multiplied. That they *would* be multiplied beyond all calculation we argued from the fact that, not being drawn as against goods, there was nothing to prevent such multiplication, nor any means of ascertaining their extent, or the ability of those who were parties to them. By way of contrast we instanced the very different character of commercial bills. In their case, we said, "there is the great additional security that, though the parties to them may not personally be so wealthy as the makers of the financial bills, the probability is that money will be forthcoming from the sale of the goods which they represent, and the banker has not to depend merely on the personal security of his debtor, but has also the security of the trading in which he is engaged." We were at the same time careful not to derogate from the real utility of the financial companies. We admitted that they had a fair field and an important future before them, if only they were careful to confine their operations within legitimate limits. "These public bodies," we said, "whose business should lie in assisting and developing undertakings of such magnitude and duration as are unsuited to banking business, and beyond the limit of private resources, should certainly confine their operations within the scope fairly limited by their capital and credit, and should not attempt to reap at one and the same moment the profits of speculators, bankers, and traders." At the time when we wrote these words the financial companies had already begun to exceed their limits, and to arouse the suspicions and apprehensions of the banking interest. High rates of interest had for some time prevailed; and, taking common sense for our guide, we traced the prevailing distrust, and the abnormal rate of interest, to the unsound and unjustifiable practices of some of the finance companies in lending the use of their names. The system of kite-flying, hitherto confined to spendthrifts, was coming into fashion as a great commercial principle, and the panic which we witnessed last week was only the natural climax towards which the financial companies have ever since been hurrying.

It would be of comparatively little import if when a crash of this sort comes it was to affect only the unsound speculators, whose operations have induced it, and clear the commercial atmosphere as a thunder-storm clears the air. But this cannot be. Since time was, the innocent have suffered for the guilty, and when city bubbles burst, the most solid structures lose credit. It is calculated that within the last twelve months there has been a loss in the market value of the public stocks and shares of this country to the extent of one hundred and thirty millions sterling: the result, without any doubt, of the wild excesses into which the financial companies have daily been plunging deeper and deeper. It would be tedious, and perhaps not very useful, were we to investigate in detail the causes of the miserable exhibition of fatuity which our city financiers have just made of their proceedings in the face of the world. Such a duty we may discharge upon some future occasion. But, in the mean time, there are circumstances connected with

the late panic and the causes which led to it which, in a country like this where there is so much speculative enterprise and so little knowledge of the principles of commerce and finance, it would be a betrayal of trust to ignore. To read the wonderful lessons of wisdom and prudence which during the last week the daily journals have poured forth for the edification of ruined men and women in all classes of society, one would naturally suppose that the same sage advisers of an ill-instructed people had during the last two years been lifting their voices to warn the public against a wild and reckless mania, had solemnly foretold the ruin which, unless that mania were checked, was inevitable: ruin which would come swift and sure, and would make no distinction of persons. But what is the fact? Did the *Times* or any of the daily papers, or did any of those weekly papers which profess specially to watch over the interests of money and commerce, lift their voice to condemn the wild speculations whose ruinous tendency they well understood, until after it had reached its height, or, to speak more to the point, until after the streams of the new companies' advertisements had ceased to flow into their columns, or at least had begun to slacken? No; it was not until they had profited by the mania that they began to warn against the panic; not until that panic was so imminent that warning was no longer of avail, did they assume that air of wisdom and that tone of grave and serious rebuke for which their articles have, this and last week, been so conspicuous. When the rage for premiums had begun to disappear (with the prospect of obtaining them), but not till then, did we hear faint whispers of a discouraging character, and gentle warnings which, in that stage of the disease, could be of no profit. Not till then, as far as we are aware, did a single newspaper whose opinions would be likely to be listened to, point out one of the objections to the Financial Companies which are now trumpeted so loudly, with a pomposity, a readiness, and an oracular air, as offensive as it is useless. For ourselves, we cannot look back over the last two years without feeling satisfied that we have warned the public, even if, speaking generally, we have warned them in vain. We have permitted no consideration to sway us from the even path of duty. We have not only laid bare the dangers of the financial companies, but we have put our readers on their guard as to the depreciation which some time ago commenced, and which has since then continued, in various classes of joint-stock investments. And we have the satisfaction of knowing that some at least of our readers have saved their money and their peace of mind by acting on the advice we have given them on this subject.

But now let us turn from this, the gloomy side of the panic, to the reverse—for even commercial panics have their bright side—in order to offer our readers a few observations on the present opportunity for selecting the very best investments at very low prices. The general public seems always to run in one direction, like a flock of sheep; and, apparently without the power to reason, either rush into the midst of a joint-stock mania, and buy shares in any and every company merely because other people do so—or, as at present, they fly from shares of every kind as they would fly from the infection of a plague, and refuse the offer of investment in first-class legitimate enterprises, only because they have lost money by foolish and reckless speculation. There never was a more favourable time than the present for investing money to great advantage and with the soundest security. There are banks, railways, mines, Government stocks, and miscellaneous companies, whose shares may now be bought at greatly reduced prices, which are certain to pay large dividends, and whose market price nine months hence will be greatly in excess of what it is at present. In the general distrust which has ensued upon the panic, good and bad securities are alike shunned, and those who possess the requisite judgment, or can utilize the judgment of others, have now such an opportunity of augmenting their capital, such as, fortunately for the general welfare, can be had but seldom. We do not speak at random in saying this. We have in our mind various large institutions the market value of whose shares is so depressed as to offer certain results to all who invest in them. Therefore, with the same earnestness with which we have persistently warned our readers against the air-blown bubbles of the day, we would impress upon them that this hour of panic is the opportunity for such as have hitherto kept aloof from investment. It is, of course, essential to the realizing of this opportunity that the choice of securities should be judicious; and that those who have not the knowledge requisite to make such a selection should resort to those who have. And there can be little difficulty in doing so, for the City of London and the large provincial cities contain men of the highest character and position, whether as brokers, lawyers, or men of business,

who are well competent to advise those who consult them on the choice of securities. The opinion of such men is, however, likely to be of the greater value in proportion as they have kept themselves aloof from the operations of the modern finance companies.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about $\frac{1}{2}$ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.10 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 3.10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at sixty days' sight is about 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. With the present high rate of interest here there is a profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

In Colonial Government securities, Canada 5 per Cents. were done at 78 7; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 87 $\frac{1}{2}$; New Zealand 5 per Cents., 74; Queensland 6 per Cents., 99; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2.

The settlement in the foreign and joint-stock markets was concluded on Tuesday, and, though the rates charged for money were unexceptionally heavy, it is satisfactory to be enabled to announce that the differences were, on the whole, well met; only two failures being announced, both being of an unimportant character.

In the market for Joint-stock Bank Shares several severe fluctuations have occurred, especially in *Agra and Masterman, Alliance, and Bank of London*. Nothing has transpired to occasion the important variations that have taken place, and the only reason that can be assigned for the movements is the numerous sales by "bear" operators, who, in the most unscrupulous manner, have been throwing these securities on the market for the avowed purpose of purchasing at lower values, and then taking the profits.

The bills drawn by the branches abroad of the Commercial Bank Corporation of India and the East, on the London Joint-Stock Bank, have been returned with the answer—refer to Commercial Bank Corporation, Moorgate-street. The bank was established in India in 1845, and in England in 1865, and have of late been unfortunate in their transactions in India.

The suspension is announced of the firm of R. & J. Rankin & Co., of the Union Foundry, Liverpool, the stoppage being attributed to a portion of their resources being locked-up, and their being unable to obtain temporary assistance.

It appears that the sum which will be saved annually to the London General Omnibus Company by the reduction of the mileage duty on their omnibuses from 1d. to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. is about £39,000.

The London and North-Western Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £1,189 over last year; the Midland an increase of £3,990; the Great Northern an increase of £4,891; the Great Western an increase of £3,086; the Great Eastern an increase of £1,326; and the London and South-Western an increase of £276.

Messrs. Hallett, Ommanney, & Co., the private bankers and navy agents who stopped payment, have issued the following circular:—"14, Great George-street, Westminster, May 16.—We are most happy to inform you that arrangements are in progress with the London Joint-Stock Bank, by which it is intended that the business heretofore carried on by us will forthwith be conducted as a branch of that establishment at our present offices. With a view to the convenience of the creditors, and to obviate the consequences of delay in realizing the assets, a sum equal to 10s. in the pound will, with the assent of the creditors, be advanced by the bank, and placed to their credit in account, the bank receiving the dividends payable on the respective claims, so far as may be requisite for the liquidation of such advance, and the surplus arising from our estate to be paid to the creditors, when realized. Upon this arrangement being carried out, our Mr. James A. Hallett will be charged with the management of the new branch, and we trust that you will favour the London Joint-Stock Bank with your confidence and support. We are, &c. (signed), Hallett, Ommanney, & Co. P.S.—It is hoped the new business will be opened on Monday, the 21st instant, when the creditors are requested to call at our offices and make the requisite arrangements."

There has been a private meeting of some of the shareholders and depositors in the firm of Messrs. Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited). A rough statement was given of the returns and profits of this concern, the results proving that the profits amounted to nearly £230,000 per annum, and that the present disastrous position was the result of old difficulties, and not arising from recent transactions. A general wish was expressed that Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, and Allcard, the brokers, should convene a meeting of those interested to make arrangements to secure the goodwill of so valuable a business; in accordance with which a public meeting is advertised to be held at the London Tavern on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at twelve o'clock, to adopt a course best suited for the present emergency.

It is understood that during the recent crisis a very large number of new accounts, in most cases transferred from less accredited establishments, were opened at the Bank of England and the other great and old-established banks of the metropolis.

With reference to the market for American securities, Messrs. Satterthwaite & Co. report as follows:—Since our last, the London market for American securities has, in common with all others, been violently agitated by the financial crisis, which, we hope, has passed away. When the panic was at its height, prices were much depressed, owing to forced sales, United States 5-20 Bonds having been done on Friday as low as 63, Illinois Central shares at 73, and Eries at 42; but from these quotations there has been a decided rally, and the market closes with a firmer aspect, 5-20's being last quoted at the same price as this day week, viz., 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Illinois shares are but a shade flatter, 77 to $\frac{1}{2}$; but Eries on the week, at 45 to $\frac{1}{2}$, show a decline of nearly 2 dols.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE EARLY RACES OF SCOTLAND.*

COLONEL FORBES LESLIE'S work is a meritorious attempt to throw light upon the early inhabitants of Scotland, by a careful examination and analysis of their monumental remains, and the comparison of these with similar or analogous erections found in other parts of the world. Although no problem be solved, nor any positive and definite addition to our knowledge of these races be effected, by the volumes before us, the fact neither impugns their value, nor reflects on the industry and ability of their author. The obscurity in which the question is shrouded is too profound, the well in which the truth lies hidden too deep, to be illuminated by one taper. If a shadow can be detected here and there stealing through the gloom, where all before was thick darkness, good service has been done. The solution of the question, if, indeed, that be possible, is hardly likely to be effected by the existing generation, who have not yet acquired sufficient information to speak with any certainty. Strange to say, numerous hieroglyphics, graven on conspicuous monuments in many of the most fertile parts of Scotland, have only quite recently become the subject of attention. In 1846, Mr. Patrick Chalmers, of Auldbar, published an elephant folio of plates and letter-press descriptive of the sculptured monuments of Forfarshire; and in 1856, Mr. John Stuart, under the title of "The Sculptured Stones of Scotland," edited for the Spalding Club a folio containing accurate plates of all the most ancient sculptured monuments of Scotland then known. Others, however, have since been discovered, which, but for those publications, would probably have remained unnoticed, and at no remote period have finally disappeared, and left no record behind. These are in course of publication as a second volume, with notes and an introduction by the same editor, now Secretary of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

The work before us contains sixty plates. Fifteen are occupied with the hieroglyphics on "the Sculptured Stones of Scotland," the figures being copied from the volume of the Spalding Club, and having similar Roman numerals attached for convenience of reference to the above-mentioned book. The majority of the remainder are from drawings by the author, representing various megalithic structures in India and Europe. With few and unimportant exceptions, the stones sculptured with hieroglyphics are confined to the country which was occupied by the Celtic (?) tribes called Cruithne—the Picts of the classical authors and of early Scottish history. On the eastern and southern Lowlands of Scotland, from the Firth to the Orkney Islands, these sculptures are found, but in greater numbers within the districts between the rivers Dee and Spey.

The remains of the early races of Scotland consist, first, of those huge and mainly unwrought stone monuments which, having their head-quarters in the British Isles and Armorica, extend, more or less plentifully scattered, from Western Europe along the isles and seaboard of the Mediterranean (both African and European), through Syria, Persia, India, and Tartary, to the frontiers of China. Secondly, of stones sculptured with hieroglyphics peculiar to Scotland, and representing objects, not of local and individual, but of national or general, import; for the emblems are few in number, and identical in form, wherever found, from Sutherland to the Solway Firth. Thirdly, of stones graven with designs similar in character to those represented in the "Sculptured Rocks of Northumberland," to which attention has recently been called, and which are already recognised as occurring all over Britain, from the southern counties of England to the Orkneys, and from the eastern coast to Anglesea and Argyleshire. Sculptured stones of the same type are also found in Ireland. In some cases, they occur in the walls of chambered tumuli, under conditions which show them to have had originally another destination, either as single pillar-stones, or parts of some anterior structure. Below the entrance to the gallery of the celebrated chambered tumulus of New Grange is placed a stone, elaborately carved with the peculiar connected convolute figures which constitute the prevailing characteristic of the type of sculpture in question. In some instances, in Ireland, they are found associated with Ogham characters. Similar sculptures have also been discovered on prehistoric monuments in the island of Malta. In addition to the two classes of sculptured stones described, there is reason to believe that stones bearing alphabetical inscriptions have been destroyed in Scotland even in the last century; for Toland, in his "History of the Druids," speaks of stones inscribed with "alphabetical characters unintelligible to such as have hitherto seen them," adding that they "ought to have been fairly represented for the use of such as might have been able, perhaps, to explain them." Unfortunately, only one such stone (as far as is known) remains at present for the delectation of antiquaries. This, termed the Newton stone, is of quartose gneiss, about 6½ feet in height above the ground, and contains an inscription consisting of forty-four characters placed in six lines of unequal length. Also, the left margin of the front of the stone (extending round the edge which serves as the dividing line) is occupied throughout the whole of its perpendicular extent with a row of Ogham characters, the two inscriptions recording, not improbably, the same fact. It would appear that the race of Jonathan Oldbucks is by no means extinct, seven different antiquaries having

volunteered to read the six-line inscription, and each testifying to his self-delusion by beholding in its outlines his own speciality; viz., two treating the character and language as Phœnician, one as Celtic, one as Greek, one as Latin, one as Egypto-Arabian, and one as the Hebrew language written in Arian characters. As no two of the translations, or rather imaginings, have the most remote resemblance to each other, we are perhaps justified in assuming that the interpretation, if ever correctly obtained, will prove equally dissimilar from all.

The megalithic remains so plentifully scattered over the isles and maritime provinces of Europe and Northern Africa, and extending thence through Syria, Persia, India, and Tartary to the confines of China, consist of structures of several kinds, doubtless designed to subserve different purposes. The most important are the circular or oval areas defined by detached stones (often of immense size), and known by the name of "Druid circles" in Britain, and by the more correct term of cromlechs (signifying, in Armorican, stone circles) in Brittany. By British antiquaries, cromlech has been generally used to designate the large flat stone or altar placed sometimes in the circumference and sometimes within the circular fane, and usually having two of the highest stones in the structure placed one at each end and slightly inclining over it, forming the horns of the altar. Some of the largest and most remarkable of the dolmens (literally, table-stones), as they are termed by the inhabitants of Brittany, are found standing alone, the peculiar characteristics of these great dolmens being that the immense tabular mass is raised some distance above the ground, and rests horizontally, or sometimes with a gentle slope, upon detached columnar blocks of stone. Dolmens were occasionally raised over consecrated fountains. The kistvaen (literally, stone cist or chest, in the Celtic language) has a well-defined distinction from the dolmen. In the dolmen, the vertical supports of the horizontal covering-stone are columnar blocks, and the space beneath it is never entirely closed. In the kistvaen, on the contrary, the vertical supports are four slabs as perfectly joined together as the rudeness of the materials will permit, thus forming, with the tabular covering-stone, a closed chest. The object of the kistvaen was doubtless sepulture, though sacrificial rites, probably in honour of the dead, are supposed to have been occasionally performed on the larger ones. Some kistvaens have been constructed beneath the surface of the ground, others erected above it. A remarkable form of kistvaen—formed of great slabs, and closed on all sides, but pierced with a round hole near the middle of one of the side or end-stones—is very common in some parts of the Dekhan of India. The aperture is about the size of a child's head, and not in any case large enough for a person to pass through. It has been suggested that the opening might have been intended for the passage of the spirit of the corpse on its way to a new body.

In Circassia, a monument exactly similar in form to the kistvaen of the Dekhan is described and depicted in Bell's "Travels." The coincidence in structure, and still more in the size and position of the circular aperture, forbids the supposition of its being accidental. In the kistvaen at Trevethy, in Cornwall, visited and depicted by Norden in 1584, the great covering-stone is described as being pierced by a circular artificial opening, eight inches in diameter. Menhirs—from the Celtic words "men," a stone, and "hir," long—are great unhewn columns, often selected of a pyramidal form, standing more or less detached. The largest of these monoliths known, that of Loc-Maria-Ker, in Brittany, now prostrate and broken, measures 61½ feet in length, and is calculated to weigh 260 tons. At a menhir in one of the Orkney Islands, it was a practice for the people to assemble, on the first day of the year, and to dance by moonlight, with no music but their own singing. To this the clergyman of the parish, writing in 1793, speaks as an eyewitness. The women of Croisic, in France, dance round a similar stone. There can be no doubt of such ceremonies being remnants of ancient pagan observances. Another important and wide-spread form of monument, though characterized by no distinctive name, is formed of four large slabs, two erected parallel to each other, with one between at right angles to the other two, and a covering or roof-stone projecting considerably beyond the ends of its supports, resembling, in fact, a large kistvaen from which the end-slabs have been removed, and one placed across the centre, forming two chambers, each open at its exterior end. In the larger specimens, sometimes one chamber, sometimes both, are again divided into two cells, the partition being always effected by a single slab. Although common in India and Brittany, there is probably no better specimen of the larger class of these monuments in Britain than the imperfect one known as Kits-Coty-House in Kent. Various purposes have been assigned to these peculiar structures, of which the most probable is that they were intended as receptacles for the sacred fire.

The class of sculpture apparently peculiar to Scotland, and known as hieroglyphic, consists of a comparatively small number of figures or emblems, everywhere with the most trifling modifications, identical in form, and evidently typifying general or national ideas connected with some form of zodiacal or planetary worship. The figure which appears entitled to be considered the predominant emblem is a double disk connected by a band with concave edges—apparently originally derived from two crescents placed back to back, with their points in apposition with the two circles, the band being intersected by a double-angled line, or zig-zag, in the shape of a capital Z with ornamental ends, which always lie parallel with the longer axis of the figure. This zig-zag is assumed to be a sceptre, but might apparently, with equal probability, be regarded as

* The Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments. By Lieut.-Colonel Forbes Leslie. Two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

representing an arrow or a thunderbolt. Next, in point of frequency, to the double disk and double-angled sceptre, occur the crescent and single-angled sceptre; the former figure being believed to be emblematic of the sun, and the latter of the moon. Another common figure is the serpent—a well-known planetary symbol—sometimes intersected by the double-angled sceptre, sometimes figured singly. In one of the Caledonian sculptures, the double disk wants the sceptre, and has a portion of its circumference cut off by an arc, immediately beneath which is the figure of the serpent with the sceptre, thus giving a pictorial representation of a well-known ancient legend regarding eclipses. Another important emblem is conjectured to represent an altar; this is intersected by the Z-shaped sceptre, and has figured on it two circles, or arcs of circles, between which the central portion of the sceptre passes, thus shadowing out the double-disk emblem—whilst in some cases a hawk is figured above the altar. Another interesting emblem is an arch or horse-shoe, supposed to indicate the rainbow or vault of heaven, and to represent some protecting power. "Superstition," says Colonel Leslie, "clung to the symbol that was hallowed by antiquity, and even impressed this emblem of paganism on the Christianity by which it was superseded, and this to such an extent that a horse-shoe was inserted in the pavement, or its figure sculptured at the entrance to churches in Britain built a thousand years after the introduction of Christianity." Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies" (1619), says, "Most houses of the west end of London have the horse-shoe on the threshold." The curious belief that evil spirits, sorcerers, and witches, in passing this symbol, were deprived of their occult powers of mischief, appears even at the present day to be far from extinct—at least, if we may judge from the frequency with which the horse-shoe may still be seen attached as a tutelary guardian to dwelling-houses, stables, farm-buildings, ships' boats, &c. The other principal hieroglyphical figures are the elephant, the fish, the mirror and mirror-case, the comb and comb-case, the horse, the bull, the boar, human figure with bird's head, human figure with dog's head (resembling the Egyptian god Anubis), the hippocampus, centaur with axe in each hand bearing a bough of mistletoe, the goose, the pointless sword in sheath, the camel, the harp, and the triangle. But the subjects treated of in Colonel Leslie's book are so numerous and important that we must resume our consideration of them next week.

THE SHAM SQUIRE.*

MR. FITZPATRICK is an industrious collector of facts, but has not the art of moulding them into a well-arranged narrative. Still, as the facts are interesting, his books have the merit of being readable, this one especially. Unfortunately, the history of Ireland is only attractive to Englishmen at those epochs which have seen her in rebellion against the English Government; but it is sufficient if they study these portions well. At the present day, when Irish discontent is expressed only by the Fenian brotherhood, we can form but a faint idea of the dislike of the Irish people to our rule. It is not a dislike which results from present misgovernment, but one which has been inherited, which has been handed down from bleeding sire to bleeding son, and again to sons who, though they have no longer to bleed, cannot yet shake off the traditional hatred of a rule which, little more than two generations ago, sanctioned and encouraged the atrocities of which, in this volume, the reader will find samples. On the other hand, Mr. Fitzpatrick's book enables us to measure the change that has come over the spirit of our government of Ireland since the days of which it treats—a change so great that, looking to our present rule, we wonder how any statesmen could have inflicted, or any people endured, the atrocities which, seventy years ago, were things of every-day perpetration. It is true that there is a very great contrast between the same epochs in this country, as regards the freedom of the people. But in England the contrast arises from a political comparison only, while in Ireland it is heightened by the religious supremacy of a small minority of the people over the vast majority—heightened also by the fact that the people had no part in the law by which they were ruled, but saw in it the badge of conquest, and the insulting triumph of a power greater than their own. We are all agreed now, Tories as well as Liberals, that our government of Ireland seventy years ago, and even much more recently, is on no ground to be defended, but on every ground to be condemned. We could hardly, indeed, imagine a more direct contravention of the political principles we have since adopted and proclaimed as the only true principles on which nations can be governed.

Whether the Irish population is more productive than the populations of other countries of spies, informers, and the tools who lend themselves to oppressive governments, is hardly a matter which we need here examine. Mr. Fitzpatrick stands up stoutly for his nationality, and denies that it is liable to this reproach. He may be right; but Ireland has at least had her share of such miscreants, and the share has been so large, that when we hear of an Irish patriot we are confident that an Irish spy is not far off. The book before us abounds in proofs of this. But it is not of the genus "Spy" that it mainly treats. It relates the history of one of those infamous tools of whose services the Government in the days of '98 availed itself, and amongst whom the Lord-Lieutenant had to distribute the secret-service money by which their devotion was secured. Not a congenial task to a mind of any dignity.

* The Sham Squire, and the Informers of 1798. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, J.P. Third Edition. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

"My occupation," writes Lord Cornwallis in June, 1799, "is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work." And again:—"How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court!" Unhappily, the short-sighted policy of the time rendered it necessary that persons should be courted who deserved to be kicked, and amongst these one of the most conspicuous—a scoundrel "to the manner born"—and who readily and lovingly adapted himself to what Lord Cornwallis calls the "dirty work" of the Government, was Francis Higgins, the person whose history is the immediate subject of Mr. Fitzpatrick's book, and who was popularly known during his life-time as "The Sham Squire."

Francis was the son of Patrick and Mary Higgins, whose real name was McGuigan, and who became the parents of the future "Justice Higgins," while they inhabited a cellar in one of the streets of Dublin. When Francis became of age to contribute to the support of the family, he was employed first as an errand boy, then as a shoeblack, and next as a waiter in a "porter house." Fishamble-street was probably the scene of his labours in the last-named capacity; and there he was seen in the year 1756, "a bare-legged boy with cunning eyes," carrying pewter quarts—an occupation which in the morning he would vary by sweeping the flags in front of the shops of that locality. But Francis was ambitious; and a few years later he had contrived to obtain employment as a "hackney writing-clerk" in the office of an attorney in Patrick's Close, Dublin. As a necessary step to promotion, he read his recantation as a Roman Catholic, and his conversion to the Protestant faith has been chronicled in the "Official Register of Conversions," preserved in the Record Tower, Dublin Castle. All this while he was only feeling his way, and by the year 1766 he had become sufficiently developed in cunning and daring to accomplish with some success an extraordinary undertaking. He began by forging a series of legal instruments purporting to show that he was a man of large landed property, and also in the enjoyment of a Government office of some importance. He next secretly passed himself off as a convert to the religion he had abjured; and it is no wonder that, when Catholics were daily conforming to the Establishment, a Catholic priest should welcome with open arms one who pretended to be leaving the Establishment, and desirous of being received into the Roman Catholic Church. Father Shortall not only consented to keep the interesting neophyte's secret, but, deceived by his statements as to his expectations and his professed desire to marry a Roman Catholic, introduced him to the family of an eminent merchant of that faith, to whose daughter the impostor was shortly afterwards married. The union, however, had a tragical ending. The bride, after a short period, fled from her husband; and, though the latter was prosecuted and imprisoned, she did not survive the humiliation of such a marriage, nor was it long afterwards before her parents followed her to the grave. We get a glimpse of the corrupt justice of the age in the charge of Judge Robinson to the jury. Higgins, he told them, could not be heavily punished for making false pretences, and flying under false colours in the family of Mr. Archer, inasmuch as, if they believed the prisoner at the bar to be the important personage he pretended to be, their own conduct was deceptive in not acquainting the prisoner's pretended guardian with the matrimonial project which, unknown to him, he was contemplating. Higgins relied upon a bolder appeal to the jury. He demanded of them, as men, whether there was one amongst them who would not have done as much to possess so fine a girl.

So daring and unscrupulous a character seemed to be "quoted by the hand of nature" to do the "dirty work" of the Government, and he soon found active employment. In the attorney's office he had gained some knowledge of law—a little would serve in days so lawless—and through a service he had rendered to John Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, in the days of his struggles, he obtained that judge's help, when attorney-general, in gaining admission to the roll of attorneys. His next success was to become proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and not long afterwards, during the Rutland Viceroyalty, he received the office of under-sheriff for the county of Dublin. No office could have suited him better:—

"Presiding in court with all the assumption of a judge, he not only tried all the forty-shilling causes, but much larger questions, under the writ of *Scire Facias*. He executed the writs which had been issued by the superior courts, superintended the gibbeting of criminals, and throughout the popular tumults, which locally raged at this time, he no doubt frequently figured at the head of his *posse comitatus*, or sheriff's guard.

"Nefarious practices had long degraded the office of sheriff, but in 1823 they received a decided check by the Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Sheriff Thorpe. The partiality with which sheriffs habitually packed juries for particular cases, was then unveiled; and it transpired that they pledged themselves, before their election, to take a decided part in politics against every Catholic. 'Catholics,' observed Mr. O'Connell, 'would rather submit to great wrongs than attempt a trial in Dublin.' Competent witnesses were examined at the same time; and the *Edinburgh Review*, noticing their evidence, said that 'No one could fail to be equally surprised and disgusted with the abominable course of profligacy and corruption which is there exhibited.' That the Sham Squire was no better than his predecessors and successors we have reason to believe.

"Mr. Higgins became every day a richer man. From the publication of the Government proclamations alone he derived a considerable income. When we know that the sum paid in 1788 to Mr. Higgins for proclamations was £1,600, according to the Parliamentary return, it is not surprising that the popular organs of the day should have

complained that 'Signor Shamado' received from the Government annually more than a commissioner of His Majesty's revenue."

The crowning service which the Sham Squire rendered to the Government was the arrest of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has satisfactorily shown by whose treachery Higgins was enabled to hunt down that chivalrous young nobleman. There is no doubt that this person was the Roman Catholic barrister, Francis Magan, who thus earned a pension of £200 a year, a place under Government, and money from the secret-service fund at the disposal of the Lord-Lieutenant. This should form one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Fitzpatrick's book, but unfortunately he has no idea of order in the arrangement of his materials, and the result is a great deal of confusion, quite unnecessary to so plain a story. While the insurrection of 1798 was hastening to maturity, Lord Edward lay in concealment in the house of a widow lady named Dillon, who resided near Dolphin's Barn, in the neighbourhood of Dublin. He had been there for five weeks when his friends suggested the expediency of removing him to the house of Mr. Murphy, a merchant residing in Thomas-street, Dublin, and there he remained for several days, during which time, dressed in female attire, he visited his wife and children in Denzille-street. To foil pursuit, it was presently deemed advisable that he should not pass more than a night or two at any one house, and accordingly he slept now at Murphy's in Thomas-street, now at Moore's in the same street, and now at Gannon's in Corn-market. On the 16th of May, 1798, Mr. Moore received information that his house was to be searched for pikes and traitors. Being himself deeply implicated, he fled to the banks of the Boyne, instructing his daughter to provide for the safety of Lord Edward, who was at that moment up stairs:—

"Miss Moore had a high respect and friendship for Mr. Francis Magan and his sister, who resided at 20, Usher's Island. He was a Roman Catholic barrister, and had been a member of the Society of United Irishmen, though from prudential motives he had shortly before relinquished his formal connection with them, but it was understood that his sympathies were still with the society. Miss Moore obtained an interview with Mr. Magan, and unbosomed her anxiety to him. Mr. Magan, at no time an impassioned or impulsive person, seemed moved: he offered his house as a refuge for Lord Edward. The proposal was accepted with gratitude, and it was thereupon arranged that Lord Edward, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Moore, Gallaher, and Palmer, should proceed that evening from Moore's, in Thomas-street, to Magan's on Usher's Island. It was further astutely suggested by Magan, that as so large a party knocking at his hall door might attract suspicion, he would leave ajar his stable door in Island-street, which lay immediately at the rear, and thus open access through the garden to his house. Lord Edward, while under Moore's roof, passed as the French tutor of Miss Moore, who had been educated at Tours, and they never spoke unless in French. On the pretext of being about to take a stroll through Galway's-walk adjacent, then a popular lounge, Miss Moore, leaning on Lord Edward's arm, walked down Thomas-street, at about half-past eight o'clock on the evening of May 17th. They were preceded by Mrs. Moore, Palmer, and Gallaher, the latter a confidential clerk in Moore's employ—a man of herculean frame, and one of Lord Edward's most devoted disciples. Of the intended expedition to Usher's Island, the Government early that day received information."

The letter in which Under-Secretary Cooke conveyed to Major Sirr information of Lord Edward's intended visit to Usher's Island is extant; and it is curious to observe the coincidence of Cooke's instruction to Sirr to place a watch "in Island-street, at the rear of the stables near Watling-street and Dirty-lane," with Magan's suggestion to leave his stable-door in Island-street ajar. This is strongly suggestive of Magan's treachery, which indeed was confirmed by Miss Moore's statement shortly before she died in 1844:—"Charity forbade me," she said, "to express a suspicion which I have long entertained, that Magan was the betrayer; but when I see Moore, in his life of Lord Edward, insinuating that Neilson was a Judas, I can no longer remain silent. Major Sirr got timely information that we were going to Usher's Island. Now this intention was known only to Magan and me; even Lord Edward did not know our destination until just before starting. If Magan is innocent, then I am the informer." The publication of the "Cornwallis Papers," in which payments to Magan from the secret service money were disclosed, leaves no doubt of his guilt.

Mr. Fitzpatrick has taken advantage of the demand for a third edition of his work to make many important additions to it. But after all it is with a feeling of relief that we close it, valuable and, in their way, interesting as its contents undoubtedly are. We read with shame that such acts of oppression as it records could ever have been committed by an English Government, or that men so infamous as the Sham Squire and his congenial fellows could ever have been the agents of English statesmen.

AMERICAN CHARITIES.*

For the last two years, the people of Massachusetts have been trying an experiment. They have appointed a Board to investigate and supervise the whole public charitable and correctional institutions of the Commonwealth, and to recommend such changes and additional provisions as they may deem necessary for their economical and efficient administration. It is obvious that as yet the undertaking is merely tentative, and that the real benefits such

a body could effect would only be experienced when powers should be conferred on it, not simply to report upon, but to adjust, the action of the different institutions in question, and to arrange such general commissariat and such mutual exchange of labour and manufacture as would economize upon the whole outlay of the State. The present Board modestly disclaim the ability to achieve even that part of their task which consists of reporting thoroughly, and "mastering the great principles which underlie the institutions wherewith they have to deal." "No such results," they say, "should be expected of a Board constituted as this is, for its members are taken from various walks of life, and occupied with various cares and duties. The secretary and general agent alone have salaries and the necessary clerical aid; the other members of the Board can hardly do more than give these executive officers their sympathy and counsel." Nevertheless, we have, in this Report of nearly 500 octavo pages, one of the most curious and interesting documents ever presented to the attention of statesmen and philanthropists. The secretary, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, to whom of course a large share of the work is owing, has managed to bring together a mass of facts, and of deductions carefully drawn from them, which afford food for reflection for many a day. We can only notice a few of them.

There is a curious trait of American modes of thought, a tone of the old Puritan type, in the very opening of the Report. The love of first principles, the habit of stating the major proposition of every argument, is as singularly congenial to the American mind as it is contrary to our own. Still more remote from our customs would be a religious allusion occurring in the midst of a Blue-book; yet, from the beginning of this Report, there is a constant effort to preface every discovery in social science by the assertion of the primary laws of the science; and the encouragement to the people of Massachusetts to perfect, so far as may be, their philanthropy and police, is preceded by the remark, which might have come from one of the Pilgrim Fathers of the *May-flower*—"Surely, if in God's eyes the man who strives for purity and righteousness of individual life is an acceptable sight, so must be the people who strive for purity and righteousness in their social life." To our thinking, the Americans have the best of us in both these points.

Massachusetts contains about five hundred blind, four hundred deaf mutes, three thousand insane, twelve hundred idiots, ten thousand paupers, and a tribe of drunkards, fallen women, and criminals, amounting altogether to about forty-five thousand souls. Five thousand able, honest men are needed to take care of these destructives and incapables; so that here are fifty thousand human beings coming, in one little State alone, under the immediate action of those laws with which the Report we are considering has to deal.

After treating of the "Vitiation of Stock," in what we must take leave to qualify as the teetotal series of assumptions, and announcing that the children of alcohol-drinkers have necessarily less mental force and more animal passion than others (whereas all experience proves that the temperate Southern races have less mental force and more animal passion than the wine and beer-drinking races of France, Germany, and England), the Report begins a very different line of argument. The children of the poorer classes are not only surmised, but proved, to die at a rate double that of the mortality of those of happier fortunes. The mode by which the conclusion is reached is ingenious. Near Boston there is a cemetery celebrated for its beauty—Mount Auburn—which is used exclusively by the wealthy and those in easy circumstances. Also near Boston are three Catholic cemeteries—Charlestown, North Cambridge, and Dorchester—used by immigrants and the poor generally. A careful examination of the ages of those buried in these different places, and therefore presumably of the different classes of society, affords the following astonishing results. The ratios in 10,000 are:—

Age.	Mount Auburn.	Catholic Cemeteries.
Under 1	1,163	2,877
" 5	2,796	5,830
" 10	3,332	6,319
" 20	3,979	6,713
From 20 to 40	2,365	1,827
" 40 to 60	1,591	975
" 60 to 80	447	252
" 80 and over	107	

Let it be remembered that these were the ages of persons of both sexes living in the same city, and therefore coming under only those variations of condition which are dependent upon wealth or poverty. What a margin is here for the possible prolongation of existence and enjoyment, under altered and amended circumstances! Yet of all countries America is the one in which riches and poverty probably make the least difference in the mere facts of food and clothing, and in which the "poor" are least suffering and least hopeless. The reporter remarks:—"In careful breeding of cattle, at least 96 per cent. come to maturity, and of horses 95 per cent.; while, of the infinitely more precious race of men, at least 33 per cent. perish in the bud of infancy or the blossom of youth. Surely this need not always be!"

The terrible doubt hinted at in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," that Nature's lavish hand scatters life, but heeds not individual salvation,—that

"Of fifty seeds,
She scarcely brings but one to bear,"—

has its answer in the higher forms of organized existence. The

* Second Annual Report of the Board of State Charities. Boston: 1866.

tree, indeed, scatters its acorns, and not even one in fifty, nor one in a thousand, springs up an oak. The insect and the fish deposit their eggs, and the destruction of hundreds seems provided for in their multiplicity. But when we ascend even to reptiles and birds, the waste becomes small, and in the higher animals (as we have just shown) it is perhaps but five or six per cent. at the uttermost. The law is reversed. Of "fifty seeds," but "one" bears life; while of fifty young birds or brutes, but one dies in embryo. Were the analogy borne out by healthy habits of life, and by due care of infancy, it is to be believed that not more than one human child out of a hundred would die in the cradle.

The causes of early death are, of course, multitudinous. The Report of the Board of State Charities dwells particularly on the vitiated stock from which thousands of children are born—"stock run down and exhausted by long perpetuation of vitiated constitutions, or long continuance of degrading and vicious habits." It points to the five hundred cases in the School for Idiots as proof of this assertion; and then proceeds to make some remarks, in which we heartily coincide, regarding the state of the unfortunate offspring of such deteriorated races. The belief that criminals are peculiarly clever and energetic, and the whole tribe of the degraded classes dogged, wilful, and designing, is a notion equally common and deceptive. Somewhat close attention to the mental phenomena which accompany regular crime and helpless pauperism has satisfied us that quite the reverse is the fact. The young thief's little stock of cunning is the cunning of the fox and the rat—not human ingenuity and intelligence. The pauper's temperament is not more resolute than that of the active artisan, but indefinitely less capable of clear volition or sustained efforts. In both criminal and pauper, the whole nature is (as the Report before us avers) *let down and enfeebled*. Such outrages as they commit result hardly so much from strong passions as from weak wills maddened by drink-fever or incipient insanity. As a rule, the higher the race and the physical condition of the man, so much the stronger will be all his irascible and sensual passions; but so much also the stronger the faculties of reason, conscience, love, and self-reverence, which may restrain them. Rochefoucauld's saying, "*Un sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être bon*," is verified the more we examine it. A man is bad oftentimes because he is weak, and to reach the causes which produce a weak and vitiated human stock would be to reach the root of nine-tenths of regular crime—of ninety-nine-hundredths of regular pauperism.

Our space forbids us to proceed further in extracting from the Report the many interesting facts which it furnishes for the instruction of philanthropists. The conclusion of the secretary in his private report on the jails and reformatories deserves, however, to be specially recorded. After an elaborate description of all the different prison systems in action in America, and extensive details concerning European reformatories, he ends by recommending the amalgamation of the "separate" and "congregate" systems: the first for the beginning, the second for the end, of the period of punishment. "I would urge," he says, "the introduction in our prisons of separate confinements at the outset; of the Mark system, conditional remission, and the patronage of discharged prisoners."

We trust to hear in good time that this plan, which is, in fact, that so successfully pursued by Sir Walter Crofton in Ireland, will be adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts.

NEW NOVELS.*

THERE is not very much in Miss Braddon's new story about the drive from which it takes its name, but it is calculated to convey a very useful moral lesson to the fair beings who haunt that favoured locality. The book is weak in heroes, only one of the gentlemen whom it introduces being of an interesting character; but it has three heroines, two of whom are really charming, while the third is at least intended to be so. All three marry men they do not love—one choosing a husband merely because he is rich, another accepting an aged but wealthy suitor from filial obedience, and the third marrying in a fit of despair, caused by poverty and a cross in love. All of them suffer much in consequence, and the record of their experiences is therefore likely to waken a salutary fear in the hearts of those fair readers who are inclined to estimate their admirers according to their incomes. Florence Crawford is the only child of a successful artist, who allows her every luxury she desires, and thereby spoils her for ordinary domestic life. She rather likes a young artist, who adores her, but she finds it impossible to realize the idea of happiness weighted by household cares; so she deliberately rejects him, and accepts a Mr. Lobyer, whose single merit is that he is a millionaire. Of course, after marriage, she finds that she has made a mistake, for her husband becomes very disagreeable, neglects her, and spends his money on an unworthy rival, and ultimately loses even the wealth for which she had married. He is good enough, however, to blow out his brains, so she is left a charming widow. The same good fortune befalls the lady who marries the rich and aged Mr. Champenowne at her father's request. Having behaved in the most

exemplary manner towards him during his lifetime, he rewards her by legacies of the amplest nature, and at five-and-thirty she finds herself the universally-admired possessor of the most delightful house in London. So, after all, these two victims are not very severely punished. The third heroine, Lady Cecil Chudleigh, after leading for some time the dull life of a dependent, suddenly wins the heart of a perfect paragon of manly grace and merit, and falls desperately in love with him with equal rapidity. Unfortunately, he has engaged himself to a young lady in India, and when he makes Lady Cecil acquainted with the fact, and asks her advice, she bids him keep his plighted word. He does so, and the lady he marries is good enough to die in a few years, leaving him a charming widower. Lady Cecil, however, marries an Irish barrister, named O'Boyneville, in the interval. He is very fond of her, but still fonder of his work; so he neglects her to an imprudent extent, and constantly leaves her to fight her own battle against Major Gordon, the fascinating widower, when he returns to lay siege to her heart. She resists for some time, but at last is on the point of yielding to his entreaties and eloping with him, when her husband frustrates the plot, and treats her ever after with such kindness and attention that she loves him exceedingly, and quite forgets the widower. Her character is not remarkably well drawn. At first she is stiff and formal; towards the end, unnaturally and unnecessarily weak. Throughout she is improbable and uninteresting. Why she was made an earl's daughter is one of those mysteries of which only readers experienced in circulating libraries can offer a solution. There was no necessity for ennobling her, and as Miss Chudleigh she would have been a natural personage, whereas it is impossible to believe in a Lady Cecil occupying the position she is made to fill. It is conceivable, however, that there may be readers to whom a title is a never-failing source of attraction. Mr. O'Boyneville is a caricature. It is all very well to represent a popular barrister as perpetually thinking of his work, but to make him blunder into addressing the wedding guests at his marriage breakfast as the "ladies and gentlemen of the jury" is working the joke rather too hard. Mr. Lobyer's portrait is equally exaggerated, and so is that of Major Gordon. All the lines are hard, all the colours glaring, all the contrasts of light and shade violent. Indeed, there is no masculine character of any merit in the story. William Crawford, the artist, is the best, but he is wanting in reality. Our old friend Sigismund Smith, now Smythe, the novelist, is brought forward again, and he is amusing, but not as much so as he was in "The Doctor's Wife." The real merit of the book lies in its pictures of Florence Crawford and Mrs. Champenowne. They are very good—the one light, airy, and full of brilliant colour; the other graceful, refined, and suggestive of a dignified repose.

In "Sans Merci," the author of "Guy Livingstone" introduces us to a number of personages who differ very little, for the most part, from those with whom he has already made us familiar. Several of them, indeed, are old acquaintances, the heroine having had a considerable share in Guy Livingstone's ruin, and one of the heroes having been already utilized with considerable effect in another of Mr. Lawrence's stories. We meet once more with specimens of that muscular paganism which we have so often admiringly shuddered at, and with enchantresses of the type for which the novelist seems to have been indebted to a long study of French novels of dubious character. There are at least three separate kinds of coquettes described in the present work—all of them fascinating, two of them dangerous, one of them fatal. The last, Lady Dorrillon, is a lovely fiend, who ruins her victims rapidly and beyond all redemption, and may be regarded as a beautiful bug-bear, or being of the nightmare order. The others are natural by comparison, and are described with a good deal of spirit and vivacity. Besides these three, there is a plebeian beauty who entraps an unwary young squire into an imprudent marriage, and leads him, of course, to repent of it at leisure. He and Lady Dorrillon's chief victim, a poor creature with a great opinion of himself, named Vincent Flemynge, are the principal male characters in the book; but they are not worthy of any special notice. One good point about the story is that there is no attempt in it to make a hero out of a strong scoundrel. Vice on this occasion is represented with weak nerves and an inferior intellect, and the reader's admiration is requested for those only who are entitled to claim it. Two characters only in the book are spoken of in terms of high praise, and they thoroughly deserve it. Mr. and Mrs. Seyton are a charming couple, and it is a pleasure to find that Mr. Lawrence can be enthusiastic about people who are so thoroughly good and genuine. Pleasanter sketches than those of Tom Seyton and his pretty Kate we have not lately met with. It would be difficult to say how many portraits of the companions of Guy Livingstone they are worth. We only wish that all the other characters in "Sans Merci" were as presentable, but there are some to whom we should hesitate about introducing readers of tender age. As for the story itself, it is, as usual, lively and interesting. Mr. Lawrence is seldom dull, whatever his other faults may be, and in "Sans Merci" he has given us a number of the hunting scenes and country-house interiors which he dashes off with so much ease and spirit. The air is really fresh in his out-door excursions, and his drawing-room life is that of actual society, not the feeble imitation we see on the stage.

"The Story of Kennett" opens with a fox-hunt, but one very different from those described by the author of "Guy Livingstone." In every other respect, also, the two books are widely dissimilar. A calm repose, a tranquil air like that of a quiet summer afternoon, pervades the landscape amidst which Mr. Bayard Taylor places the

* The Lady's Mile. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Three vols. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

Sans Merci; or, Kestrels and Falcons. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," &c. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The Story of Kennett. By Bayard Taylor. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

An Old Man's Secret. By Frank Trollope. Three vols. London: Newby.

characters of his story, and their decorous and most sombre figures scarcely seem to belong to the same race as the brilliant dames and cavaliers who dazzle the eyes of the readers of "Sans Merci." But the views of Kennett and the portraits of the inhabitants of that retired district have a singular charm of their own, and, if the story into which they are introduced is not of a very exciting nature, it has other merits which ought to ensure it a favourable reception. It is told with great delicacy and feeling, and its tone is pure and healthy throughout. Much in it will remind the reader of the author's previous story, that of "Hannah Thurstan," especially in the character of the heroine—a calm, resolute, self-possessed maiden connected with the Society of Friends. There is a great charm about the description of her simple, frank, and guileless nature, especially when contrasted with the artifices and intrigues of the heroines of sensational romance, whether they belong to the conventional or the outrageous class. Her lover also forms the subject of a very pleasant picture; and no slight humour is observable in the sketches of the different characters to be found among the inhabitants of Kennett. The incidents in the story are few, but every here and there an opportunity presents itself for an account of some of the events which break the even flow of New England life; and so we obtain a number of prose idylls which linger musically on the ear. We have read "The Story of Kennett" with great pleasure, and we can recommend it with a heartiness which contemporary fiction does not often inspire.

Mr. Frank Trollope's story of "An Old Man's Secret" is a thoroughly harmless performance. There need be no fear of its perusal over-exciting any brain, or of its suggestions awakening any evil passion. Its tone is one of respectable dullness throughout, and to some minds it may, therefore, be capable of affording a tranquil satisfaction, while in other cases it may conduce to a comfortable repose. Several of its characters move in excellent society, especially a lady of title, who joins in the conversation of commoners with complete affability; and it need hardly be mentioned that an unimpeachable moral is conveyed in the concluding chapter.

HOTCH-POT.*

THE same quaint and quiet humour which distinguished "Umbra" is again made agreeably apparent in "Hotch-Pot." The volume with which the author now favours us is a small foolscap octavo, of no more than 148 pages very widely printed, so that the whole might be easily and critically read through in a couple of hours. But several of the old characters are reintroduced, and the author runs on from place to place, and from subject to subject, with unflagging vivacity and spirit. His first sketch is of Homburg, and the opening sentence is instinct with the dry, odd humour which leered slyly from so many pages of the previous work. "Homburg-es-Monts," says our author, "is at the foot of the Taunus mountains; those identical hills which Sir Herbert O'Dowd, sometime *attaché* at Frankfurt, when an inquisitive Englishman asked their name, damned, and demanded how and by virtue of what infernal power he should know their name? and certainly as Mr. O'Dowd had only resided seven years in sight of the hills, the inquiry of his countryman was, to say the least, impertinent and unreasonable." Then we have a good story of His Serene Highness Prince Adolphus of Pumpernickel, who one day spilt a plate of soup over the dress of a beautiful English Duchess. "Cleverer men than His Serene Highness have met with like misfortunes (see Life of Lord Byron); but it must be confessed the sensation of the wrong-doer is awful and overwhelming." The Duchess was very gracious to the miserable Prince, but his friends maliciously suggested that he ought to present her Grace with a new dress. "This he readily offered to do, and his young and inexperienced Highness, inquiring of his counsellors the probable price, was told that he might get a tolerably cheap gown at Paris for six hundred gulden. Now, six hundred gulden was half His Serene Highness's annual income, and his poor Serene Highness, at the mention of the sum, fainted dead away." At Homburg, "Umbra" saw the Prussian Cavour (as his admirers call him), Count Bismarck, drinking the waters; at whom some British philo-Scandinavians glowered fiercely. "Umbra," however, is not betrayed by the presence of this portentous personage into any remarks on politics; for which, in the existing state of the Continent, we thank him heartily. He gets speedily on to more agreeable ground; story succeeds to story, poem to poem—but we prefer the former to the latter. One of the best is that which relates the gambling experiences at Homburg of an ingenuous youth, on whom our author bestows the name of Eugenio. This youth had conscientiously resolved not to gamble; but as he passed through the rooms a friend persuaded him to put down one florin. He thought there could be no harm if he lost that. But at the first turn he won thirty-six times his stake, and so on he went, still winning, until at the end of an hour he had won three or four hundred pounds. He turned over in his mind what he should do with this sum; but conscience interfered, as it did in the case of Lancelot Gobbo when he would run away from the Jew. "'You have won these gains by play, by acting against your principles,' said conscience. 'You must not do good with the produce of evil.' This distressed him sorely. The lustre of the gold was tarnished in his eyes. He resolved that he would get rid of his spoils; so he tied them up in his pocket hand-

kerchief, next day returned to the rooms, and did so without difficulty. 'We are quits,' said he to conscience; and now all would have been well, and he was about to mount his carriage to leave Homburg, when suddenly a thought struck him that in the money he had lost was counted the original florin he had staked. 'We are not quits after all,' said he to conscience, and rushed back to the rooms to regain the one florin and no more, vowing he would never play again in his life." The result was that he lost again and again; he raised money on credit, and lost that also; and finally he found himself with only fifty kreutzers in his pocket, and in debt to the extent of two thousand pounds—a terrible example to all young Eugenios who equivocate with their conscience.

One of the best sketches in the book is that called "Mr. Ebor's Tour." It is supposed to be written by Mr. Ebor himself, who is described as a brilliant reviewer. He goes to the Scilly Isles with a romantic hope of finding in the inhabitants some traces of the Phœnicians who, in the pre-Roman times, used to trade with the Cassiterides for tin. But, on arriving, he finds that the people differ in no respect from other Englishmen. They are believed to be descended from progenitors in Herefordshire and Worcestershire. The metropolitan town of St. Mary, consisting of one street, and situated on an isthmus drenched in storms by the blown sea, is vexatiously like all other small waterside-towns, and might almost be mistaken for Wapping. But the prospect from the bay is worth seeing:—

"Many a scene more beautiful, more sublime or grand, but none of a character more unique, more distinct of itself, ever presented itself to my eyes. The bay is nearly land-locked by the different islands, said to be twenty-three in number, of which six are inhabited—so the geographers have it; but in truth, if you count each separate rock an island, they are innumerable, not alone from multitude, but the number would vary at the ebb and flow of every tide. Trees can scarce be said to exist, though great efforts have been made to foster their growth; but furze and heather cover the surface, while the magnificent granite tors, against which the waves beat with ceaseless plash, conjure up the fancy that a portion of Dartmoor has been torn from native Devon, and transplanted to the deep. In the meanwhile, the air was incredibly warm and mild for the time of year; the briny smell of sea-weed was grateful to the nostrils. On every tiny islet and ledge of rock the black cormorants stood patiently watching for their prey; oyster-catchers and other marine birds flitted by. The sun was now dipping in the water; the western sky was all amber; and the Isle of St. Agnes, the Bishop, the Twelve Clerks, and many a nameless rock, gleamed like purple amethysts in the liquid glory of the evening glow.

"The Isle of St. Agnes, though sometimes, owing to the violence of the winds, unapproachable for weeks together, cannot be said to be out of the pale of civilization, inasmuch as it supplies the first-fruits of luxury—the earliest young potatoes for Covent Garden Market; but a more dreary-looking spot, inhabited by men, I scarcely ever witnessed; not even a shrub grows. I ascended the tall white lighthouse, from which is a commanding view of the sea and the outlying rocks. On the Bishop Rock a second lighthouse has been erected. These rocks and reefs are the deathbed of British seamen."

Since the disastrous shipwreck of Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet in October, 1707, on the rocks of Scilly, two lighthouses have been erected in this wild and remote spot.

Going to Tresco, Mr. Ebor fell in with the gentleman to whom the islands belong, and whom he calls the Tyrant, using that term, however, not in the modern invidious, but the old Greek, sense, as meaning the chief of a clan. It would be well if all tyrants were equally good and benevolent. The chief of Scilly only imposes on his tenants four commandments—viz., that they shall not wreck, that they shall not smuggle, that they shall not sublet their houses without leave from the landlord (to prevent overcrowding), and that they shall send their children to school. At Tresco, Mr. Ebor saw the ruins of the ancient Abbey, knocked to pieces by Blake when the Royalists made the Scillies a place of refuge for their privateers, and defied the Commonwealth. "A picturesque round tower, not unlike those on the Mediterranean coast, still stands on the western shore of Tresco, and goes by the name of Cromwell's Castle." Close to the ruins of the Abbey lives the Tyrant:—

"We proceeded through the garden, and I was amazed at the richness of the vegetation. The aloes sprung up from every cleft and crevice of the rock-work, in frequent flower; seen as they ought to be seen, against the sky-line. The *Puya Chilensis* expands its spiky leaves, and its enormous crimson stalks shoot up high. Plants of tropic origin, which I had believed incapable of growing in England, except in conservatories, here flourish vigorously. The *Myrica Faya* from the Azores, the *Chusan* palm, the delicate *Veronica Leobardii*, and the *Leptospermum Vullaanum*; the *Grevillea*; the *Bidwellii imbricata*, with prickly leaves, from Brazil; large tree-ferns from New Zealand; and, most remarkable of all, the *Dracæna indivisa*, with straight stem, severing in triple branches, of which a long avenue is now being formed, all raised from the original seedling. The geraniums grow in large clumps, high as a man's waist; and in summer their scarlet blaze is seen from St. Mary's, while the terrace-walls are clothed all over with the *mesembryanthemum*, the various species of which, in spring, burst into many hues. I fairly own I was enchanted with the garden, the like of which I did not know existed in England."

In a neighbouring meadow Mr. Ebor saw a number of ostriches; but he will not affirm that ostriches are indigenous to Scilly. Here, however, we will leave Mr. Ebor, and part company with "Umbra."

* Hotch-Pot. By "Umbra." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.*

HOWEVER much, and however justly, we may condemn Spain for its obstinate lagging behind the rest of Europe in the essentials of modern civilization, it is impossible to deny that an ineffaceable charm attaches itself to that beautiful land—a charm, doubtless, all the greater from there being so little admixture of nineteenth century manners with the picturesque habits of its people. In Spain the middle ages may yet be seen dozing in the sunshine, and in no hurry to give place to the more active existence of to-day. The whole country—and especially the southern half—smacks of the Cid, and Don Quixote, and the romance of chivalry, and Moorish splendour and adventure, and Cortes and Pizarro, and the magnificence of Indian Empire. The isolation of the territory, bordered on three sides by the sea, and cut off on the fourth from the rest of Europe by a barrier of lofty mountains, has necessarily tended to the conserving of many old forms of life which it may not be desirable to perpetuate, but which, being perpetuated, are certainly interesting. Railways, it is true, have at length penetrated beyond the Pyrenees, but they do not seem as yet to have effected much alteration in the manners of the Spaniards. Such, at least, is the testimony of the party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—whose observations during a tour in the autumn and winter of 1864 are recorded in the elegant volume named at the foot of this article. One circumstance with reference to the climate of Spain is mentioned by Mr. Blackburn at starting, which ought to be borne in mind by intending English tourists, though it is but seldom suspected; and that is, that the temperature through a great part of the peninsula is rather cold than hot. This is owing to so much of the country being a high plateau, over which the winds blow keenly. Madrid is 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, Burgos nearly 3,000, and Segovia more than 3,300. Consequently, people who, trusting in the ideas of southern warmth which they have derived from pictures, and from confusing the south with the north of Spain, enter the country without a sufficient supply of wraps, find very shortly that they have to suffer for their misplaced confidence. Mr. Blackburn condemns Spanish railways for their slowness (the travelling being often at the rate of only ten or fifteen miles an hour), their irregularity, their discomfort, and the poverty which is apparent in their whole management. The eternal smoking is a nuisance, and the Spanish railway traveller is described as a compound of selfishness and dirt. "There is not the same superintendence and system that we are accustomed to on our English lines, and travellers who depend upon being told what to do and where to go at the various stations and junctions are continually being left behind or sent the wrong way. This is not much thought of in Spain, and amuses the officials immensely." Railways were introduced into Spain by foreign capital, and are chiefly worked by Frenchmen. The companies are so poor that, one day last October, a train on the North of Spain Railway was seized for debt; and in Andalusia "the railway between Seville and Cadiz is in a state of bankruptcy, and the company have been compelled to cease running trains on several occasions until they could borrow money to pay their servants." This does not look hopeful for the prospects of the steam horse in the western peninsula.

Burgos, the travellers found, at a first glance, disappointing. It is frightfully cold; many of the houses are new and uninteresting; the mud in the streets is as bad as that of London; and the general aspect is dull. But there are some picturesque old buildings in the byways, and the cathedral, as we all know, is a magnificent specimen of the Castilian Gothic. A very good view of it is given in the volume before us, and nothing can be more rich and ethereally graceful than its spires, and clustering pinnacles, and network of exquisite tracery. Inside, they show you the coffin of the Cid, worm-eaten, and chained against a wall. The bones of the redoubtable hero, however, are kept in "a common walnut urn" in a room fitted up as a chapel at the Town Hall. One of the most striking things at Burgos is the service in the cathedral, on which occasion the picturesque costumes worn by the men and women suit admirably with the architecture.

At Madrid, Mr. Blackburn and his companions found the same disagreeable climatic influences, as well as other annoyances of a worse character. Living is abominably dear there, and the want of cleanliness so commonly found on the Continent is unmistakably apparent. The rent of an attic on the Puerta del Sol—the centre of the city—is £150 a year. Smoking is carried to a most offensive extent. It goes on even during meals; the women and children join; and in many other respects the manners at table of señores and señoras alike are simply disgusting. "The average Spaniard," says Mr. Blackburn, "reads little, and is, as a rule, still very ignorant. He is courteous in his own way, and courtly by nature; very kind and hospitable in entertaining strangers; but (it seemed to us) rather bored by visits even of his own countrymen." The citizens of Madrid are fond of driving, and the Prado shows some splendid "four-in-hands" and "tandems," English-built; but, for the most part, the Spaniard, like ourselves, "takes his pleasure sadly."

In the same gossiping way, Mr. Blackburn talks to us of Aranjuez, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Granada, &c.; but we have afforded the reader a sufficient taste of his method and manner. In speaking of the southern cities, the author gives some curious details of the lingering influence of the Saracens; and his picture of Toledo, with its old Moorish houses deserted for centuries, the

keys of which the African Moors still retain in the hope of once more gaining their former possessions, is particularly interesting. But on this wider ground we cannot follow him. The book is slightly and we should say hastily written, and deals too much in extracts from other writers; but it presents a lively, if a superficial, picture of Spain as it is, and it is extremely readable. The pictorial sketches are very well done, and a map is added.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Mystery of Pain. A Book for the Sorrowful. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—If the author of this essay could really throw any light on the "mystery" to which he alludes, he would confer on mankind one of the most signal services it is capable of receiving. But we do not see that he has done anything of the sort. Like other speculators who profess to account for the origin of evil, he simply begs the question, and leaves us, after all, where we stood at the outset. The idea propounded by the present writer is that the pain suffered by human beings "is the working out of a change in man, or, to speak in clearer and more familiar terms, it is the carrying out of man's redemption." Thus, when A or B is smitten with sickness or madness, when C starves to death with hunger, when D is crushed in a railway train or blown up in a mine, or when E loses all his nearest and dearest relatives by some contagious disease, it is in order to carry out man's redemption. The author seems to think that sufferers might derive from this reflection so much comfort, even in the midst of their agonies, as to turn the very pain into the highest of all pleasures. This appears to us to be trifling with the awful facts of life. Hard, tangible evils will not give place to such vaporous abstractions and visionary metaphysical propositions. The explanation clearly explains nothing; for the mind is still left to inquire how it is that the ordering of things is so imperfect (humanly speaking, and we are contemplating the question from the ground of our human needs), that the redemption of man in the general can only be accomplished by the suffering of man in particular. Besides, the theory does not touch, even in the most superficial manner, the vast, immeasurable, unfathomable ocean of brute misery—misery partly inflicted by man, and partly existing in the very nature of things. The author says that "pain willingly borne for another's sake" is not an evil, but a good. This is a palpable confusion of language and thought. Pain is never a good—cannot be a good in any absolute sense of the word. It is emphatically an evil thing, though it may be our duty to bear it, and the thought of having saved others from its endurance is of course a grand and noble satisfaction. If it were a good thing in itself, we should wish others to suffer it; but the satisfaction lies not at all in the pain, but in the thought of having averted it from those we love. It is one of the greatest proofs of an overruling Benevolence that love can thus snatch a joy out of the fires of agony; but we equivocate with ourselves and others if we attempt to conceal the fact that every form of pain, bodily or mental, is evidence of an imperfect state, which we have a right to deplore, and must needs wonder at. No explanation of this portentous mystery seems possible in our present life. We must wait patiently, and see what death has got to teach us; relying meanwhile on the goodness and power of the Divine Author.

Notes on Epidemics: for the Use of the Public. By Francis Edmund Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P., Senior Assistant Physician to the Westminster Hospital. (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—The treatise which Dr. Anstie here prints in a small volume is an expansion of an article which appeared in the January number of the *British Quarterly Review*, and which we noticed at the time in connection with that periodical. The writer's object is not to suggest matters for the consideration of his brother physicians, but to offer to the public generally a few plain suggestions for warding off the attacks of epidemic disease. Dr. Anstie rightly considers that many of these maladies are preventable—that they are simply the results of defective sanitary conditions which might be amended, and ought to be amended. "The special source of my own interest in this matter," he writes, "is the great prevalence of typhus fever—one of the most deadly forms of epidemic disease in London at the present day—in the immediate neighbourhood of the hospital of which I am an officer; a prevalence which is so plainly artificial and needless, that no medical man can observe it without mingled feelings of regret and indignation. The opportunity now offers itself for appealing to the public against that supineness which, fostered by a habit of overweening confidence in our powers of local self-government, has induced Englishmen to neglect problems which are daily becoming of more vital consequence to the well-being of the State. No mistake can be more serious in its consequences than is the error of regarding the growth of infectious diseases as a matter of mere local or personal interest. That which is happening in the low 'slums' of Westminster is happening also in hundreds of places where the conditions of daily life are similarly unwholesome; and, unfortunately, the progress of those incidental evils which inevitably accompany a certain stage of civilization is daily multiplying the centres from which infectious disease spreads through the whole community, and aggravating the evil where it already existed." It is urged by Dr. Anstie that nothing short of a national effort will meet and check the mischief; by which we understand him to mean that Government should take up the whole question, and obtain from Parliament the power of putting our large towns in a better sanitary state than they have ever yet been in. He undertakes to show that our collective attempts at improvement—those of local bodies—have been "miserably ineffective;" and he charges the various boards with ignorance of the simple, but very important, fact that the contagious typhus fever of the destitute classes is utterly distinct from those fevers which result from bad sanitary arrangements, and to which rich and poor are alike liable. In his present work, Dr. Anstie gives a plain account of the premonitory symptoms of the chief infectious diseases, in order that, even before the arrival of a medical man, the patient may be at once isolated. At the present time, with

* Travelling in Spain in the Present Day. By Henry Blackburn. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

cholera threatening us, such a work is peculiarly useful; but the doctor also treats of typhus, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, diphtheria, whooping-cough, influenza, &c.

The Food, Use, and Beauty of British Birds. By Charles Ottley Groom Napier. (Groombridge.)—The chief fault of Mr. Napier's volume is, that it is too short. One of the best signs of the times is the growing taste for natural history, which implies progress in civilization, and a more elevated tone of thought. Mr. Napier, who keeps throughout strictly to his subject, has filled his essay with excellent information, which he imparts in an elegant and graceful way. Though strongly opposed to the unnecessary slaughter of birds, he would not preserve indiscriminately all sorts of winged creatures merely because they have wings; but, addressing himself to the utilitarian tendencies of the age, he points out the wisdom of deriving from birds all the assistance they are qualified to afford us. If Nature apparently means them for food, he would have us eat them; if it be their business to be scavengers, or butchers, they should be permitted to clear away and kill; or if, as we are entitled to assume in many instances, they were originally designed to delight us by their song, or please our sight by their beauty, we should spare them out of gratitude and reverence. The introductory essay is too short, but every sentence conveys information, and every lover of ornithology will prize it. The catalogue which follows, and which, properly speaking, forms the book, is scarcely less interesting, though it might be expanded with advantage. For example, in the list of rare birds which only visit our island now and then, the author would hereafter do well to enter into further details, which would enhance the interest of his already valuable little book.

McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary. A New Edition, carefully revised by Frederick Martin, Author of "The Statesman's Year Book." Vol. I. (Longmans & Co.)—Five-and-twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the original edition of this "Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and Principal Natural Objects in the World." The preface to the first edition bears date January, 1841, and the quarter of a century which has since elapsed has steadily established and confirmed the reputation of the work as one of our best books of reference. It has necessarily, however, become in some respects obsolete with the lapse of time. "Whole kingdoms," as the new editor remarks, "have disappeared from the political map of the globe; empires have refixed their boundaries, and nations have reformed their existence. In the course of less than a generation of men, an immense network of iron roads has come to encircle the civilized world; vast navies of commerce have been launched upon the ocean; and races the most distant have been brought together by the new agents of progress—steam and electricity." These changes have been noted by Mr. Martin in the edition of Mr. McCulloch's work which he now puts forth, and the statistical information, he assures us, has been brought up to the latest returns. The volume—which is the first of four—is very handsomely printed in double columns, and in a type small, but clear; and the accompanying maps are delicately engraved and tinted.

The Chemistry of Common Things. By Stevenson Macadam, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry in the Medical School, Surgeons' Hall, and to the School of Arts, Edinburgh, &c. (Nelson & Sons.)—This excellent volume belongs to the "School Series" issued by the publishers, and the author says that it is "intended to be read by the more advanced pupils in schools and educational institutions, as also by others who desire to obtain a general and popular knowledge of the chemical relations of the world around us." It appears to us admirably suited to its purpose, and unquestionably not schoolboys only, but many grown-up people, would be the wiser for reading it.

Nimmo's Popular Tales. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—We have here the first volume of a series of tales designed for railway reading—short, but sufficiently developed to excite the attention during a journey. The authors are said on the title page to be "eminent;" but in that case we wonder why they have not given the public the warrant of their names. However, the volume is a fair shilling's worth of entertaining matter, printed in a large type, and therefore equally good for old and young eyes. But we would suggest that, in future, the edges of the leaves be ploughed, so that the volume would not need cutting open.

Pinaceæ: being a Handbook of the Firs and Pines. By "Senilis." (Hatchard & Co.)—"Senilis" confesses to being a self-educated man, and to being at issue with many learned men on the subject of which he treats. As we are unable to decide between the disputants, we will simply introduce our readers to the present work, and avoid all chance of collision with a gentleman who is severely sarcastic, in italics, on "literary pedants."

The Modern Gymnast. By Charles Spencer. (Warne & Co.)—In the course of his small volume, Mr. Spencer gives practical instructions as to the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting-horse, flying trapeze, &c., with a description of the apparatus, and hints on somersault-throwing. One hundred and twenty illustrations accompany the work.

We have also received a new edition of the late Mr. Baden Powell's *Christianity without Judaism: a Second Series of Essays, including the Substance of Sermons delivered in London and other Places* (Longmans and Co.)—a work, the tendencies of which are already well known;—a new and revised edition, with Glossary and Index, of Ritson's collection of *Scottish Songs and Ballads* (Tegg)—a neat little volume, enough to set Scotchmen raving with patriotism and pleasure;—*Right Food for Infants and Children*, by the late T. Herbert Barker, M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), &c. (S. O. Beeton)—a book which can only be properly adjudged by a jury of matrons;—*Reform and Reformers*, edited by John Tillotson (S. O. Beeton)—a flimsy collection of articles from old Magazines and other periodicals, on Cobbett, O'Connell, Earl Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Brougham, &c.;—*The Duke of Friedland, a Play in Four Acts*, by William Boerhaave, of Melbourne, Australia (Murray and Co.)—a very poor specimen of colonial literature;—and No. XLVI., New Series, of the *Autographic Mirror* (Ive).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"MADAME BOVARY," M. Gustave Flaubert's successful novel, has recently been supplying Parisian literary circles with an item of gossip. M. Rochefort had asserted that the publishers, Messrs. LÉVY, had only paid some £30 to the author, whereas they had realized £1,600 by the sale. The truth of these figures the publishers denied, and threatened a lawsuit if they were not instantly contradicted; but they were not, and it is thought that the great success of the novel suggested to the publishers that they had better bear the burden of their profits meekly and quietly, notwithstanding any reproach that might have been whispered about. Another writer thought he had discovered the source of M. Flaubert's success. It was Miss Braddon's novels, he suggested, which had supplied him with hints and ideas. To this a second critic at once replied that Miss Braddon must have first read M. Flaubert; but at this point the French author's friends thought it was time for them to come forward, which they did, assuring everybody that M. Flaubert was perfectly well satisfied with his publishers, that he had not copied from Miss Braddon, and that, if they were in the least capable of judging literary parallels, the English authoress had most certainly not availed herself in any way of the French writer's labours. The fact that similar conditions of society should have been treated by two authors in two distinct novels, written almost at the same time, they could not regard as very convincing proof of international plagiarism. The authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret" and "The Doctor's Wife"—which latter novel had been mentioned—will probably be as much amused as the French author was at this idle charge of plagiarism.

Rumours are still flying about respecting the authorship of "Ecco Homo," and there can be no doubt that the well-kept secret has had a great deal to do with the large sale of the work. We learn from various booksellers that, in nine cases out of ten, the second question asked by the intending purchaser is, "Do you know who is the author?" Now, as blank ignorance would never do in a bookshop, various tradesmen have selected several distinguished individuals as the author whom they believe, in their own minds, to have written the book. Vice-Chancellor Page Wood was early chosen for the post; then came Mr. George Waring, of Magdalen Hall. A later favourite was Professor Goldwin Smith, and his recent visit to America and sojourn with Emerson has been dwelt upon with considerable gusto, as throwing some light upon the authorship. The last favourite will strike many persons with surprise. It is no other than the Emperor Napoleon III., whom many persons in Paternoster-row roundly assert wrote the book in French, and then sanctioned its translation into English!

Emerson is at present engaged delivering a course of lectures on the "Philosophy of Life" to very select audiences in Boston. It is said that only three or four hundred people are permitted in Chickering's Hall on each occasion. The time is noon on each Saturday during the course. A correspondent, describing the lecturer, says:—"You have tried, perhaps, to turn a grindstone while some hard-fisted farmer was putting an edge upon his scythe. It was very hard and slow work when the pressure was on, and the wheel went round nimbly and easily when it was off. It is a very similar process listening to the orphic utterances of the Concord seer. The words sometimes come out one by one, with a respiration between, so that you are forced to think his manuscript must either be very crabbed, or else the person is very strong. Lighten it a little, and on he flies, and is as suddenly brought up when your wits are to be pressed the closer for an edge. Meanwhile, his right hand is busy twisting about his manuscript, and his left (with the inevitably straightened fore and little fingers ready to pin down, as they do verbenas, any stray sucker of the parent vine), hangs like a Shaker's flapper; indeed, with a broad brim and a little alteration of his externals, this seer of ours would not make a bad Shaker ideal, as far as the person goes. And there he stands for one hour, with an audience before him better in intellect and culture than probably any other man among us could draw, showing the wonders of the art of putting things—a talent not by any means to be despised, and a most important one, moreover; but it is Emerson's all."

Aid is asked for the son and two daughters of Robert Bloomfield, the poet, who are old and in destitute circumstances. They are at present residing in a small lodging at No. 22, Hoxton-square, "and one of the women," writes a correspondent, "is, apparently, not far from her end. They derive nothing from their father's writings, pleasing and instructive as they are. Did not the Literary Fund lately give something to the descendants of Defoe? If so, it does not confine itself to living authors. Will not some subscriber, then, speak a word in behalf of these distressed persons, who, apart from want, are every way worthy? There are the most ample proofs of their identity." We were very lately shown an interesting memorial of the poet, which had been found in an old scrap-book. It was his trade card, and the inscription ran thus:—

BLOOMFIELD,
LADIES' SHOE-MAKER,
No. 14,
Great Bell Alley,
COLEMAN STREET.

N.B. The best real Spanish Leather at reasonable prices.

Bloomfield, it may be remembered, wrote his "Farmer's Boy" when living in this house.

We deeply regret to record the death, from consumption of long standing, of Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, a poet and critic of no mean powers, whose recent translation of the "Odyssey" into Spenserian verse attracted the attention of scholars, and was reviewed by

us in our impression of February 24th. He was a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and his elegant and accomplished pen has often been employed in the literary columns of this Journal. He was in the prime of life, and his premature death will be sincerely mourned by all who knew his intellect and worth.

The son of the author of "Woodman, spare that tree," has recently been lecturing at our United Service Institution on a New System of Military Tactics. The lecturer is General William H. Morris, of the United States Federal Army, and he is now in Europe for the purpose of expounding his new theory. It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has written to General Morris an autograph letter, saying that he means to look into his system "with serious interest."

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, we understand, contemplates a visit to the United States in the Autumn. Under date of March 6, we hear from the other side of the Atlantic that he wrote to a friend in New York:—"I am dreaming of a voyage across the Atlantic this ensuing vacation—about August—in pursuance of an old plan for inspecting personally the theatre of an early establishment in America, and for seeing the new America which the war has made, and which must engage our attention more and more in the immediate future."

In Piccadilly, not long since, there was an exhibition of some remarkably successful specimens of modern illumination. The letters of the alphabet in every conceivable style, and decorated in every variety of manner, were there, and good judges averred that no existing ancient specimens surpassed the labours of the modern artist. The examples then exhibited, the illuminator, Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., has determined upon reproducing in book form, and this, we believe, Messrs. Bell and Daldy will shortly issue. If we mistake not, the best efforts of the Chiswick press have been exerted in the production of this new work on the "Art of Illumination as practised in the Middle Ages." The book is to form a handsome quarto, and will contain many beautiful examples of English, Flemish, French, German, and Italian art, from the ninth to the eleventh century; all executed in the best style of wood-engraving; with practical remarks on the processes employed. As in the case of other works by Mr. Shaw on decorative art, only a small impression of the new book will be issued.

Mr. Bartlett has been editing a Bibliographical account of early works on American History contained in the library of the late John Carter Brown, of Providence. The printing of this has been intrusted to Mr. Houghton, of the Riverside Press, and nearly two years have already been occupied in its production. This, and an account of the early books relating to Columbus, giving all the title-pages in exact black-letter facsimile, are considered to be equal, if not superior, to any books printed in this country. The first French edition of Dore's Bible is, however, allowed both by English and American printers to be superior—as a specimen of printing—to all other books produced of late years.

The fourth number of the *Bookworm* has appeared. It contains several woodcuts of a burlesque-antique character, with the following articles:—"Chinese Book-hunting;" "Letters of Marie-Antoinette;" "Book of Perfumes;" "Arms of Bodenham;" "Sales of Books;" "Notices of Printers," &c.

A complete, uniform edition of the novels, tales, and miscellaneous writings of Thackeray, including all his scattered pieces in journals and magazines, is in preparation by an American publishing firm, who, by the way, remind us that they were the first to collect and publish his humorous poems in a volume.

The MSS. and autograph letters of Sir John Fenn, Knt., the celebrated editor of "The Paston Letters," are about to be sold. As so much curiosity has been felt of late concerning the genuineness of the "Letters" said to have been edited by him, this undisturbed collection of his MSS. and papers will excite considerable curiosity amongst antiquaries and others.

Amongst the numerous handbooks to games and sports published in this country, is there such a thing as a "Guide to Skittle-Playing?" We think not; but such a work is announced for publication in New York, where the "noble pastime"—as it is styled in the sporting journals of that city—is in great favour with certain classes. This rapid spread of London and Manchester low sporting tastes to the cities of the New World is one of the most extraordinary phases in the modern history of America. Already a "fistic" literature has arisen there, far more active than anything of the kind here, and the advertisements in the sporting papers dwell upon the sawdust and smoke of the English bar-parlour as amongst the most enviable of the comforts of life. Here are advertisements from the *New York Clipper*:

"SKITTLES.—The Half-way House, 320, Eighth Avenue, is the best place on the Avenue to drop in, and get a first-rate glass of ale or liquor, puff a fine cigar, or spend a social evening in the Old Country style. Free-and-Easy every Monday evening; and a fine, cool Skittle Ground."

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There has recently been privately printed in Liverpool a very interesting volume, in quarto, "On the Origin of certain Christian and other Names: an attempt to draw deductions as to the Spread of Nations, of Trade, or of Missionary Enterprise, by a Comparison of Names," by Dr. Thomas Inman, late President of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society. The writer says, "The germ from which the essay sprang was the question—'How is it that Jack is used as the short or pet word for John?'"

The stock of Mr. Booth's facsimile reprint of the first folio Shakespeare was sold off by auction on Wednesday, and was purchased by the Messrs. Routledge. There were about 1,000 copies of the small paper edition, and forty or fifty of the extra large paper folio. As a reprint of the 1623 edition, it is wonderfully accurate, and with its new proprietors will, doubtless, soon become a scarce work.

Mr. D. G. FRANCIS, an American publisher, is about to publish a reprint of Mr. J. Payne Collier's "Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in English Literature." The *Round Table* speaks of the enterprise "as the most important work of the kind ever reprinted in this country," and assures us that "Mr. Francis's reprint" is "much handsomer than the original English edition, which consists of two large octavos, of some six or seven hundred pages each, while his is more conveniently divided into four crown octavos, of between three and four hundred pages each." Of this American reprint, seventy-five copies on large paper, at eight dollars a volume, five on India paper, at ten dollars a volume, and two on drawing-paper—the latter not for sale—have been prepared.

Some very rare books from the famous library of Count Libri, and other collections, have just been sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. Conspicuous in the gathering were some most interesting Shakespeariana, and old plays. These are nearly all accompanied by anecdotes and bibliographical descriptions in the catalogue. Concerning an edition of the "Merchant of Venice," bearing date 1652, it is said:—"This is the edition of 1637, with a new title, a circumstance which escaped the bibliographers of Shakespeare for about a century. The text was printed for Laurence Hayes, the successor of Thomas Hayes, or Hayes, who held the copyright. It has some peculiar readings, and a list of actors' names—which list has been repeatedly erroneously ascribed to Rowe." Of a copy of the "Rape of Lucrece," printed by J. B. for Roger Jackson, 1624, a curious circumstance is told. It appears that this copy was "very fine," with the exception of the woodcut and imprint upon the title having been cut out and replaced. While in the hands of a former possessor who had a fancy for collecting the woodcut devices of printers, the piece alluded to was cut out from the title and placed in a volume devoted to such collections; but, after the lapse of more than a century, the identical piece was found, and has been replaced by Mr. Bedford, the bookbinder, well known for his skill in repairing volumes. This edition of the "Rape of Lucrece" is of excessive rarity, no copy having been in the famous collection of Mr. Daniell, nor in any other which has occurred for sale of late years. Another feature with "Shakespeariana" was the Shakespeare Forgeries and Controversy—William Henry Ireland's own collections, the first lot of which was the original forgeries to "Miscellaneous Papers under the Hand and Seal of William Shakespeare," and containing, amongst other make-believes, "a lock of Ann Hathaway's hair!"

A very important volume of Essays on the Foreign Relations of England will be published by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL in a few days, with the title of "International Policy." The essays are seven in number, and are contributed by writers who are generally identified with what are called advanced opinions. The first, entitled "The West," is from the pen of Mr. Richard Congreve, whose pamphlet, advocating the giving up of Gibraltar to Spain, attracted much attention some years ago. Mr. Frederic Harrison, known to readers of the *Fortnightly Review* for his bold views in political economy, contributes an essay on "England and France;" and Professor Besley one on "England and the Sea." The other papers are:—"England and India," by E. H. Penifer; "England and China," by J. H. Bridges; "England and Japan," by Charles A. Cookson; and "England and the Uncivilized Communities," by H. D. Hutton.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. will publish in a few days:—"Free Thoughts on Many Subjects: a Selection from articles contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*," by a Manchester Man, 2 vols.; "The English and their Origin: a Prologue to authentic English History, with a chapter on the utility of Ethnological Investigations," by Luke Owen Pike; "A New Practical German-English and English-German Dictionary," by the Rev. W. L. Blackley and Dr. Friedlander; "A Sanskrit Grammar for Beginners, in Devanagari and Roman letters throughout," by Professor Max Müller.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. will shortly publish—"Wayside Flora, or Gleanings from Rock and Field towards Rome," by Nona Bellairs, with coloured frontispiece; and "A Life's Love," by the author of "Heiress of the Blackburn Foot," 2 vols.

Messrs. RIVINGTONS have published the first part of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, which is described as an historical, ritual, and theological commentary on the devotional system of the Church of England; a ritual introduction on the principles and practice of Church ceremonial; notes on and illustrations of the prefaces and tables of the Prayer-Book; the calendar, with notes on the minor holidays; and a comparative view of the ancient and modern English, the Roman, and the Eastern calendars. The second part will complete the work, and will contain a commentary on the communion service, the occasional offices, and the ordination services, with the English and Latin Psalter in parallel columns, and a short liturgical exposition of each psalm, a full index, and a glossary. It will be published in a few months.

Messrs. Chambers have begun the publication of a series of useful popular sixpenny handbooks, three of which, on Cricket, Gymnastics, including Golf and Curling, and Croquet, have already appeared.

Messrs. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS have in the press:—"Piccadilly, an Episode of Contemporaneous Autobiography," by Lord F*** V****, illustrated by Richard Doyle, 1 vol.; a new work by the author of "The Moor and the Lock," &c., entitled "Sporting Recollections," by John Colquhoun, 1 vol.; the third and fourth volumes of the authorized translation of "The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard," by the Count de Montalembert; "Physiology at the Farm in Rearing and Feeding the Live Stock," by William Sellar and Henry Stephens; "A Handy Book of Horse Law, and of the Laws relating to English Sports," by C. G. Mereweather, of the Norfolk Circuit; "A Handy Book of Meteorology," by Alexander Buchan, Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society; "The History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688," by John Hill Burton; a new edition of "Discussions on Philosophy, Literature, Education, and University Reform," by Sir William Hamilton, Bart.; and "Lectures on the Early Greek Philosophy and other Philosophical Remains of the late J. F. Ferrier," edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., and Professor E. L. Lushington.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Annandale (T.), Surgical Appliances. Feap., 5s.
 Annual Register (The). Vol. for 1865. 8vo., 18s.
 Bell (C. D.), Lily Gordon. Feap., 2s. 6d.
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 Autumn at Karnford. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
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 Bell & Dady's Elzevir Series.—Longfellow's Later Poems. Feap., 4s. 6d.
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 Divine Promises, with Scripture Illustrations. 32mo., 1s. 4d.
 Elwes (R.), W.S.W.: a Voyage to the West Indies. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
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